Songs for a New America—*Charles G. Bell*

THE *Nation*

*February 7, 19[illegible]*

# 100-Billion-Dollar Grab

BY BRUCE CATTON

*

EXCLUSIVE

## Lattimore the Scholar

*An Appraisal by His Colleagues*

*

## World Action on a World Task

*An Answer to the Point 4 Problem*

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# AROUND THE U. S. A.

## Tenants Must Be Loyal

*San Francisco*

A VERY hot political issue that got its first public airing in San Francisco has been dropped back into the lap of Congress by the Housing and Home Finance Agency.

On July 5, 1952, Congress passed the Gwinn amendment to the Independent Offices Appropriation Act for 1953, which provides that no member of any organization designated as subversive by the Attorney General shall occupy federally aided housing. Enforcement of the loyalty clause, the amendment stipulates, is to be by local authorities.

In mid-July John Taylor Egan, Commissioner of the Public Housing Administration, dutifully advised all his agency's field offices of the amendment and instructed them to write compliance clauses into all new yearly contracts under which local public-housing authorities receive federal funds. Local housing authorities signing new contracts or amending old ones with the Federal Public Housing Administration promised to review the "subversive"-membership status of all adult residents of the housing covered by the contracts.

Two months after passage of the amendment local housing authorities were still awaiting clarification of means of enforcement to come from Washington. Then on September 13 San Francisco newspapers reported that John Melville, Federal Public Housing Administrator for the San Francisco Bay Area, had announced that some 150,000 adults living in 40,000 units in the Bay Area would be required to sign affidavits that they did not belong to "subversive" organizations.

Affidavits would be distributed about November 1, by which time Mr. Melville hoped that the Attorney General would have supplied a suitable "subversive" list that could be duplicated and mailed to tenants. The Attorney General has now indicated that the list compiled for the federal employees' loyalty program will be used.

Strangely enough the only official announcement that affidavits were to be required came from the San Francisco office of the Public Housing Administration. Some time after it was issued, there were reports that Melville had learned of the plan for implementing the Gwinn amendment at the local level through informal talks with Washington; apparently these sources then decided to clam up and gave the information to no other local offices. But individual citizens in the Bay Area were acutely concerned, and the Northern California office of the American Civil Liberties Union promised legal aid in testing the amendment in the courts. The A. C. L. U. felt confident that a clear-cut verdict of unconstitutionality could be won in a test case brought by a tenant of impeccable anti-Communist record. But such a case would have to wait for some overt move to enforce the amendment by a local authority.

Since September the Housing and Home Finance Agency has been quietly exploring the legal obstacles to enforcement of the Gwinn amendment. The Attorney General has indicated that since the task of prosecuting violations would devolve on him he should pass on the mechanism set up for implementation. Also to be considered is the statement made by Senator Maybank on the floor of the Senate prior to passage of the bill to the effect that the conference report clearly indicated the view of all the conferees that the "principle embodied in [the Gwinn Amendment] should be made applicable and applied uniformly to *all* housing assisted by the federal government by loan, grant, insurance, guaranty, or otherwise."

After consultation with the Attorney General and the various agencies implicated Raymond M. Foley, administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency, announced on November 28 that in his opinion the Gwinn amendment could be applied only to federally assisted low-rent public housing until further legislation was enacted by Congress and recommended that Congress repeal the amendment unless it chose to enact the necessary legislation.

Since Congress would not meet until January, the Housing and Home Finance Agency strongly urged all local housing authorities, whether or not they had signed new or revised yearly contributions contracts containing the compliance pledge, to implement the Gwinn amendment by requiring the affidavit now okayed by the Attorney General. Housing agencies in other cities, among them Newark and New York, have adopted this policy.

JUDITH SEGARD

*Judith Segard is a San Francisco writer.*


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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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# The Shape of Things

## Fait Accompli in U. N.

A foretaste of how the new Administration plans to operate in the United Nations was offered by Ambassador Lodge, whose first act as chief delegate was to order a loyalty check on all Americans employed there. Since the General Assembly is scheduled to discuss staff relations when it reconvenes on February 24, the question arises: Why this hasty move? The answer can only be: to present the session with a *fait accompli.*

It was evident at the close of the first half of the sixth session that a large number of delegations were disturbed by the general smear of staff members, by the secret agreement between Trygve Lie and the State Department on American nationals employed at the U.N., and by Mr. Lie's immediate acceptance of the controversial recommendations made by the panel of jurists he had set up to advise him.

The screening process accepted by Mr. Lie is already in operation. Mr. Lie will no doubt take refuge in his right under the Charter to make all decisions in administrative matters. But one wonders how he will explain his acquiescence in the unilateral assumption by the United States of the right to pass on the qualifications for employment of its nationals, when this right was explicitly denied to all countries by the commission which drew up the Charter.

Half of the 4,000 employees of the United Nations are not Americans. Will the United States demand that they be screened too? If so, by whom and on what basis? Will loyalty to their own governments be the test? Or to the United Nations? Or to the United States? And if other governments refuse to screen their nationals, or if the screening is inadequate, what then?

## Inauspicious Beginning

Obviously Americans disloyal to their country, or spies and other foreign agents operating in the United States, have no place in the international organization. But we see no reason why decent employment procedures could not have been worked out in agreement with the U.N. delegations, especially since the United Nations has no secret information of any intrinsic value. That there is no essential insecurity involved is indicated by the fact that "full field investigation" by the F. B. I. of 345 Americans in key posts could take as long as a year.

The screening operation now called for by Mr. Lodge, which conforms to ex-President Truman's executive order and goes even beyond the jurists' recommendations by making "reasonable doubt" as to loyalty and suitability the test of employment, will do more harm to the prestige of the United States than any delay which might be occasioned by orderly procedures. Is the screening operation by United States officials of United States nationals on *United Nations* territory, with no advance notice to staff and less than forty-eight hours in which to fill out complicated questionnaires, an example of the new conform-or-else policy? It is certainly not an auspicious beginning for the new Administration's relationship to the United Nations.

## What, No Honeymoon?

Even those observers who viewed the marriage between Mr. Eisenhower and the Republican right-wing as a shotgun affair, expected that harmony would reign during the honeymoon. Yet before the confetti has been swept up, the newly-weds have started squabbling about who is to wear the pants. According to the *Wall Street Journal* of January 30, Congress, dominated by die-hard members of the G. O. P., "clamors to run the Washington show. . . . If Ike fights back, there could be a nasty row. G. O. P. Congressional leaders won't give ground easily. One reason: There's not an 'original Eisenhower man' among them."

Within a week of the inauguration moves were made on "The Hill" threatening the attainment of two of the President's pledged objectives—reorganization of the machinery of government and a balanced budget. Despite warnings from Budget Director Dodge both the House and Senate committees on Government Operations voted to permit the vetoing of any reorganization plan by a simple majority of those present in either House instead of by a majority of the full membership as is the case now. Although this change will clearly hinder the achievement of greater efficiency and economy, there are some indications that the President will submit to the weakening of his authority in this sphere.

Meanwhile Representative Daniel A. Reed, the primitive New York Republican who presides over the House Ways and Means Committee, has introduced a tax bill

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changing the expiration date of the income-tax increase voted in 1951 from December 31 next to June 30. He intends to put this plan before his committee on February 16 and take a vote on it immediately without giving the Treasury a chance to present its views. Speaker Martin and Majority Leader Halleck are said to have mildly deprecated this unseemly haste, which will certainly add to the President's budget-balancing difficulties, but Mr. Reed's claim that his bill will pass both Houses appears to be well-founded.

## Democracy's Achilles Heel

Evidence of widespread enthusiasm for the world approach to world-wide social problems outlined by Stringfellow Barr on page 120 of this issue can be found in almost any day's news. The guides who last year conducted 385,000 persons through the U. N. headquarters give convincing accounts of the interest and enthusiasm shown by these visitors. And last week when Andrew W. Cordier, executive assistant to the Secretary General, described the work of the U. N. to a thousand high-school pupils from the five boroughs of New York—all members of Junior UNESCO clubs—his remarks were received with loud applause and shouts of "Bravo!"

Unfortunately this interest and enthusiasm remain unorganized. A comment by Max Ascoli in *The Reporter* of February 3 is directly relevant: ". . . the Achilles heel of democracy is the international party politics of the free nations. All traditions and interests are represented by the existing parties except one: the longing for supranational unity. This longing, no matter how widespread, is too new to have become politically organized." Most of the existing parties came into being in a period when a national approach to social problems was logical if inadequate. Today this approach is obsolete. Everywhere the problem is the same: to realign existing political forces so that progressive domestic policies will find their logical extension in foreign policy. A world community requires political parties whose outlook is essentially world-wide.

## Franco and Morocco

Events in Spain under Franco frequently combine the tragic and the absurd. Tragedy has been provided of late by a new wave or repression, with mass arrests in Barcelona and new evidence of hunger in spite of the good harvest and the early prospect of American dollars. Comedy is to be found in the rapidity with which the regime changes positions and theories. Everybody will recall the enthusiasm for Islam expressed by the most Catholic and Apostolic government on earth on the eve of Foreign Minister Artajo's recent crusade to the Middle East. Every Falangist was ready to sacrifice his faith to win the favor of the Arab League, and Spanish Mo-




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rocco was suddenly depicted as a model of freedom—to the envy of the people of Spain proper. This fiction was played up to show how different was the tyrannical behavior of France in North Africa.

Now overnight the pro-Arab policy has been dropped. Aware that the unrest in French Morocco would certainly spread into Spanish Morocco, Franco has made an about-face, even hinting that he will send troops to the assistance of France if a serious situation develops in French Morocco. Apparently he is ready to send Spaniards to fight anywhere—possibly to avert the chance that they might fight against him inside Spain. He is even promoting the departure of "volunteers" for Korea, among whom are members of the former Blue Division, which fought for Hitler on the eastern front. Falangist propaganda is convinced that Spanish "volunteers" in Korea will make the regime popular in the United States, or at least sweeten somewhat the bitter flavor left by recent American dealings with the fascist dictatorship.

## National Book Awards

As principal speaker at the presentation ceremonies of the National Book Award for 1953 Justice William O. Douglas rather blanketed the rest of the proceedings in the press. In a moving plea for understanding of Asia's right to an independent world policy, the Justice made the interesting point that the Asian nations were isolationist, "in the sense that America from 1890 onward was isolationist," rather than neutral.

But the occasion itself was noteworthy for other reasons. The awards of gold medals to Bernard DeVoto for "The Course of Empire," and to Archibald MacLeish for "Collected Poems, 1917-1952" were so right as to be almost beyond comment. They demanded of the judges nothing more than recognition of unchallenged merit. The fiction award to Ralph Ellison for "Invisible Man" was another matter. Highly controversial in substance, point of view, and manner of writing, this first novel must have presented real difficulties. For it is neither conventionally well made nor emotionally well balanced. As Irving Howe wrote in his review in *The Nation*:

> Though immensely gifted, Ellison is not a finished craftsman. The tempo of his book is too feverish, and at times almost hysterical. Too often he tries to overwhelm the reader, and usually he does; but when he should be doing something other than overwhelm, when he should be persuading or suggesting or simply telling, he forces and tears.

But Howe also concluded that "it is one of the few remarkable first novels we have had in some years." The fiction judges went even further, saying: "Mr. Ellison has had the courage to take many literary risks, and he has succeeded with them."

## New Drama Critic

*The Nation* is happy to announce that Harold Clurman, long connected with the American theater both as director and critic, will join the staff as Drama Critic. Mr. Clurman's first review will appear in our issue of February 21—by which time we trust that the new play, "The Emperor's Clothes," which he is directing will have established itself for a long and prosperous run on Broadway.

# *Formosa Blunder*

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER and Secretary Dulles, during the campaign and lately from their high offices, have been talking a lot about getting tough with the Communists. They proclaimed their "liberation" policy, then had to tone it down. They left our friends abroad nervous and failed completely to satisfy the fire-eaters at home.

Now the President, apparently feeling himself under compulsion to translate words into action, has decided to "take the wraps off" Chiang Kai-shek. In his State of the Union message he formally announced a new directive, replacing ex-President Truman's order of June 27, 1950, commanding the United States Seventh Fleet to prevent the Chinese Nationalists from attacking the China mainland and blocking any mainland assault on Formosa. Eisenhower's ruling maintains our navy's protection of Formosa while giving the go-ahead to Chiang's troops for raiding the China coast.

Freeing Chiang's soldiers to cross the Formosan Straits may partly appease the China Lobby and its fellow-travelers in Congress. Its military consequences will be zero for a long time ahead. In fact, we have long since torn up Mr. Truman's neutralization order. The Chinese Nationalists control a few dozen little islands between Formosa and the mainland, and their troops have been engaging in pinprick raids along the Communist shores. Neither Washington nor the Seventh Fleet have intervened against that violation of the Truman directive. Fully aware that we were intently looking the other way, Chiang Kai-shek would surely have enlarged these hit-and-run sallies had he felt capable of doing so. He knows that his army is incapable of attacking in force across the straits. His troops lack landing craft and weapons, even assuming that they are politically dependable.

President Eisenhower's removal of the legal—though fictitious—ban on Nationalist armed action against Communist China amounts to little more than shouting "boo!" at Mao Tse-tung. But it has political implications disquieting to America's allies, as press reaction from Western Europe and the United Nations amply demonstrates. The British and others who have recognized the



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Mao regime are anxious to avoid deeper involvement with Chiang Kai-shek. France fears possible adverse repercussions on its own war in Indo-China. There is a tendency on the part of all our partners in the Korean adventure to resent this new example of unilateral policy-making. And India, Burma, and Indonesia, whose support in Asia is of high importance to us, have voiced strong and unofficial disapproval.

This is merely the first of several moves which the Eisenhower Administration is contemplating in East Asia. Another possible measure is the imposition of a naval blockade against China's entire coast. That too could cause only minor damage to Communist China, for the armaments which Peking imports arrive by rail and air across Siberia. A naval cordon could not stop these deliveries; it could serve only to immobilize an immense number of our warships while antagonizing many of our Asian friends. For instance, it would presumably intercept the rice which, in exchange for rubber, Ceylon is getting from China. What all such steps will do, in addition, is to postpone into an indefinite future the hope of a negotiated settlement of the Korean war and of the other Asian conflicts.

MR. DULLES'S speech last week—his first as Secretary of State—can be said in retrospect to have set the stage for such new maneuvers. Despite the haphazard "off-the-cuff" style of delivery, it was without doubt a carefully prepared address, and its meaning came through hard and threatening.

What he said in essence was that the new Administration was going to try for a closer alliance with Europe but that if Britain, France, and Germany could not get together the United States would reconsider its relationship to the Continent. In stressing the need for "effective unity" he implied that Britain should join the new European army, a suggestion Mr. Churchill must surely have turned down in his talks with Mr. Dulles this week. He more than implied that ratification of the German arms treaty would be regarded as a test of the good faith of both France and Germany. He made it plain that the Administration planned new steps to end the war in Korea, and in Indo-China too. He told "those suffering under Communist slavery" that they could "count on us." These statements were freely interpreted abroad to mean a new offensive in Korea and a liberation policy for Eastern Europe, perhaps for Asia as well. To Europeans all this adds up to a new and more aggressive foreign policy, with general war rather than peace as its probable result.

Eisenhower's directive to the Seventh Fleet has tended to confirm these fears. If to the military expert the de-neutralizing of Formosa is only a blank cartridge fired to arouse pleasing echoes in Congress, the sound is proving far less pleasing to our friends overseas.

# *Lattimore the Scholar*

CRUEL as the ordeal of Owen Lattimore has been for the victim it has not been without rich incidental rewards for the rest of us. Of these none will be remembered longer than the statements which Dr. George Boas and Dr. Harvey Wheeler have assembled in "Lattimore the Scholar."*

As Gerald W. Johnson points out in his foreword, there has been a remarkable inconsistency in the public attack on Owen Lattimore. On the one hand he has been assailed as the "chief architect" of our Asian policy and on the other as a clever journalist whose opinions carry little weight. This inconsistency, Mr. Johnson notes, has been forced upon his critics by the record, which shows that, far from planning our Asian policy, Lattimore steadfastly opposed the successive steps that led to disaster. Once this became apparent—in the summer of 1951—his critics promptly shifted to the charge that he was not, in fact never had been, a scholar.

To lend weight to the attack, they pointed out that although Lattimore is director of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at the Johns Hopkins University, he is not a Ph. D. and, aside from two terms at the Harvard Graduate School, received no formal collegiate training. From this starting point the accusations ranged far and wide, with gossip columnists, radio commentators, pamphleteers, and here and there a disgruntled academician joining in. No mention was made of the fact that Far Eastern studies are a comparatively new field of research in American colleges and universities and that a number of the most distinguished older men in the field had little opportunity for formal preparation, including Lattimore's father, who, though he had never been to college, was a full professor at Dartmouth for twenty years. Forgotten, too, were the twelve years Lattimore spent on Central Asian studies in China, Sinkiang, Mongolia, and Manchuria, using source material in many languages. Nor did his critics mention the recognition his work has won from learned societies, including the medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

To meet this new assault, in which the professional hatchet men continued what McCarthy had begun, George Boas, as an individual and not in his capacity as professor of the history of philosophy at Johns Hopkins, wrote to a group of American and European scholars whose attainments certified their competence to assess Lattimore's work as a scholar. He made it clear that their replies would be printed. These replies now appear in full in "Lattimore the Scholar"; not so much as an "and"

*Edited by George Boas and Harvey Wheeler, with a preface by Gerald W. Johnson. Copies can be obtained by writing Harvey Wheeler, Waverly Box 108, Baltimore 18, Maryland. Contributions toward the cost of publication should be mailed to George Boas, Baldwin, Maryland. Proceeds will be turned over to the Lattimore Defense Fund.



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has been omitted and the date of each letter has been indicated. To insure that no portion of the document could be quoted out of context, it was copyrighted. Included are the foreword by Johnson, an introduction by Boas, and an epilogue by Harvey Wheeler.

The replies are of extraordinary interest. Contributors include Mortimer Graves, administrative secretary of the American Council of Learned Societies, Quincy Wright (Chicago), H. A. R. Gibb (Oxford), Arnold J. Toynbee, Carrington Goodrich (Columbia), Knight Biggerstaff (Cornell), Derk Bodde (Pennsylvania), Woodbridge Bingham (California), H. H. Fisher (Stanford), George B. Cressey (Syracuse), John K. Fairbank (Harvard), Nathaniel Peffer (Columbia), C. Martin Wilbur (Columbia), Harold Vinacke (Cincinnati), Earl H. Pritchard (Chicago), and many others. While the contributors do not share all of Lattimore's views, they are in general agreement that he has made important contributions to Far Eastern studies.

A few quotations—used with special permission of the publishers—will indicate the character of the replies: ". . . the leading scholar in America on the history and problems of the vast and important area on the frontier of China and the Soviet Union" (Quincy Wright); "I know of no greater master of the history and institutions of the Central Asian nomads, and his field work on their relations with their agricultural and urban Chinese neighbors, is, as far as I can judge, unique" (Arnold J. Toynbee); "He is undoubtedly America's leading authority on Mongolia and the other little-known areas which make up what is known as 'inner Asia' " (Derk Bodde).

Moreover, the warm tributes paid to Lattimore's character eloquently refute the comment of one professor-columnist who has written that Lattimore's character is "detestable," or that of a newspaper columnist that Lattimore is one of the "silliest" men he has ever known. "Personally I haven't read a single charge leveled against O. L. by the McCarthys and the Budenzes," writes Carrington Goodrich, "that didn't seem either deceitful or malicious. We are cruelly testing a man whose worth and ability and character have been tested again and again and not been found wanting."

Even more significant, perhaps, than these personal tributes is the recognition of Lattimore's worth to his country. "I am deeply convinced," writes C. Martin Wilbur, "both as a scholar and as an American citizen concerned with America's role in world affairs, that Mr. Lattimore's unique and comprehensive knowledge of these areas [Manchuria, Mongolia, Sinkiang] is an important national asset which must be preserved. . . . If defamers had succeeded in restricting or ending his scholarly work and publication in the past, that would have been a calamitous loss to the world of scholarship. This must not be allowed to happen now."

The wide relevance of the evidence to be found in the replies is cogently stated by George Boas:

> The question may be raised of the relationship between Mr. Lattimore's scholarship and the serious charges which Senator McCarthy first made against him and that of perjury now made. It is possible that a competent scholar be also a spy. But the point in this case is that Mr. Lattimore's supposed communistic sympathies prejudiced his scholarly work. If this had been so, then surely some of the authorities in his subject and in allied fields might have suspected it a year ago. It may not be possible for anyone to be entirely objective, but the correspondence which follows does not even intimate that Mr. Lattimore was not as objective as reputable scholars usually are. It will be observed that some of the writers point out that they have not always agreed with everything which Mr. Lattimore has written, but none has said that he was following the Communist line or writing Russian propaganda. As for the charge of perjury, it is doubtful, though not beyond the bounds of possibility, that a man who is truthful in his scholarly work, who weighs evidence, who accepts the heavy responsibility which scholarship entails, would be deliberately mendacious in other fields. Since the charge of perjury was made presumably to weaken his reputation as a sinologue and by inference to suggest that any advice he may have given on Asian affairs was the advice of a liar, it is worth while publishing evidence that in his most serious work his colleagues found no evidence of wilful deceit. If they had seen any, they could be counted upon to indicate it. To believe otherwise, is not to know the world of scholars. None of these men and women was forced to answer my letter.

There is no precedent—surely no exact one—in our history for the attack on Lattimore. In our time it has been the totalitarian regimes, not the democracies, that have sought to punish scholars and scientists for the policy mistakes which the dictators could not admit without endangering the structure of power on which their regimes were based.

But if the attack on Lattimore is without precedent, the response of his colleagues holds high promise of redeeming American men of learning from the humiliation which was the fate of their counterparts in Nazi Germany and, currently, in Soviet Russia. With Harvey Wheeler, they recognize that the writings of Lattimore "should be criticized with unflinching vigor. . . . But if creative scholarship is to be encouraged . . . then the right of men to be honestly and courageously wrong as well as infinitesimally accurate must be protected and enhanced with every degree of moral fiber we have at our command. . . . What is at issue is the virtually imperative necessity that his work be evaluated on its own merits rather than being discredited and suppressed because some of his conclusions find emotional rejection at the hands of men who seem able to get momentary per-



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sonal relief only by screaming at the things which appear to threaten them."

And Mr. Wheeler adds: "If there is one impression imparted to the reader of the letters in this collection, it is the sense of drawing in, with each one, a fresh 'breath from the common wind' of our free heritage."

# *Rendezvous in Santiago*

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

IN HIS first major speech since his appointment as Secretary of State, made on January 27, Mr. Dulles declared that South America would receive a good deal of attention from the new Administration. This is what he actually said: "Sometimes we are inclined to take South America for granted. But the reality is that there are strong Communist movements in Latin America and fascist influences in some quarters which are working away, largely underground so far, and they are trying to destroy the traditional friendship between the peoples of the American republics." The reference to fascism must have been put in to give an impression of impartiality, for it is no secret that the man chiefly responsible for the spread of fascism in the Latin American republics is Francisco Franco. And since Franco is Washington's newest ally, Mr. Dulles's concern over fascism in South America can hardly be taken seriously. On the other hand, Mr. Dulles's concern over the advance of communism is certainly genuine.

In previous articles I have discussed the awakening of the peoples of Latin America as one of the most important features of the present era of rebellion in the colonial and semi-colonial parts of the world. Examining this phenomenon a little more closely, one can see that it presents two different and often opposing aspects. The social setup of Latin America closely resembles that of the Middle East: a ruling class, cynical, corrupt, and very rich, using popular discontent both as a means of obtaining power and for blackmailing foreign interests and governments into granting loans and other aid, and a population oppressed, hungry, and largely illiterate. With the exception of a few countries and allowing for differences of degree, this has been the social picture prevailing in Latin America for centuries.

But World War II has dramatically introduced another factor. Following the revolt of Asia and parallel with the awakening of Africa, the relation between oppressors and oppressed in Latin America is changing. The feudal oligarchy finds it more difficult every day to hold down the impatient masses, to keep wages and working conditions at their incredibly low levels, assuring high profits for the privileged minority and its foreign associates, and to prevent the development of a revolutionary situation. The days when these countries were ruled patriarchally by the old Spanish families are gone for ever. The oligarchs have found it necessary to change their methods and to instal a new type of ruler. The "modern" way of controlling the masses is through a civilian or military demagogue who gains their adherence by fooling them with attractive slogans of "nationalism," "anti-imperialism," and "social justice."

But it is one thing to teach the people to shout "Down with the Yankees" and quite another to overcome the economic difficulties of these countries. For that slogans are not enough, and the double game of mobilizing the masses and of putting on the brakes when they seem to be moving too fast has perils of its own. In the Argentine even the workers who used to be Perón's willing followers have more than once reminded him in recent months of his unfulfilled promises. In Brazil, Getulio Vargas sees those who voted for him in the belief that he would "get tough" with Washington gradually dropping away. Ibañez was elected President of Chile partly by the votes of the left; but the left is already demanding a series of economic reforms that the government is reluctant to grant.

This popular pressure forces the ruling demagogues to shift their position rapidly. One day they appeal to the masses against "the greedy and tyrannical Yankee land." The next day they ask for American support to check the impetuous advance of their people. Information recently received from Latin America seems to indicate that an operation of the second type is now in the making. The Presidents of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile have been in constant touch during the last few weeks, preparing for a meeting which is supposed to take place soon in Santiago, Chile. Its purpose will be to reconstruct the old ABC alliance, but with totally different motives. Nothing is yet known about the agenda, but the following hypothesis is based on the views of informed political observers in the three countries immediately concerned.

The three governments are facing the same political and economic problems—inflation, a fall in the prices of raw materials after the short-lived boom of the Korean war, and the narrowing of the world market for these materials through import restrictions imposed by European countries, especially France, England, and Italy. None of the three Presidents is in a position to find a solution for these problems. Really effective remedies would involve nothing less than a radical reconstruction of the economies of their respective countries—a redistribution of land, planned production, and a realistic trade policy. But this would mean a real revolution, and none of the three wants that, for all their revolutionary gestures and posturings.

Another solution, of an emergency character, is the one that has kept in power a number of European governments in the last few years—financial aid from America. Here is an opportunity for Secretary Dulles. Contrary



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to what most people believe, Latin America has received little dollar aid since the end of the war. The Latin American leaders expect from the new Administration a more "comprehending" attitude. The Santiago meeting, if it takes place, is intended to make possible cooperation on a new basis, with the three countries soft-pedaling their anti-imperialist propaganda and the United States greatly increasing its financial aid. A revived ABC alliance could expect to attract first Bolivia and then the other republics, with the exception of Uruguay, Mexico, and Guatemala, where a realignment of this sort is for the present at least exceedingly unlikely.

# 100-Billion-Dollar Grab

## BY BRUCE CATTON

*Washington*

THEY are coming in hungry, and they are not hungry for peanuts. The vast public-utility, oil, mining, and lumber interests that supported the Republican campaign are getting ready to move in on America's natural resources, and what they want is all the country has got. The new Administration is prepared to make things easy for them, and the program is beginning to be clear. It adds up to what is probably the greatest raid on the national wealth ever contemplated.

*Secretary of the Interior McKay*

First, of course, will come the offshore-oil grab. Barring a completely unlikely change of mind in the White House, this is as good as done. No one can hope for anything more than a brief rear-guard action against it. Next will come the grab for public power. Here the general idea is to go on building big power plants with public funds but to make sure that they are run for the benefit of the power companies rather than for the people. The third step, which is still in the formative stage, is in some ways the most appalling. It is proposed that the tremendously valuable public domain be handed over to the states for parceling out to such private interests as can make the most lucrative use of them.

Altogether, the program represents an attempt to get back not only to the days of Herbert Hoover but all the way back to the era before Teddy Roosevelt. It is spelled out quite clearly in the record of the Senate hearings on the confirmation of Douglas McKay as Secretary of the Interior. The Department of the Interior is the official custodian of America's publicly owned wealth. When the hungry special interests moved in after the election of Harding, this department was one of the first things they looked at. It is even more attractive to them today, for on top of everything else it now contains, in the Bureau of Reclamation, the largest single generator and transmitter of electricity in the world. In other words, the stakes are immense. The attitude of the Secretary of the Interior is vitally important.

Bear in mind that everyone who attacks the public-power program attacks it by indirection. The first target is the famous preference clause, which simply provides that the co-ops of the Rural Electrification Administration, cities, public-utility districts, and other public bodies get first rights to the purchase of power from federal dams. If the preference clause can be knocked out, if the federal government can be kept from building its own transmission lines, and if—these things having been done—the utility companies are then allowed to make long-term contracts with the agencies that sell federal electric power, the public-power program is done for, and the government's power facilities exist solely for the benefit of the private companies.

When he appeared before the Senate Interior Committee, Secretary McKay declared that he believes in the preference clause—"if the people want it." But he also said that "private enterprise has a right to pursue their business," that public power should not be given an advantage, and that the power companies ought not to be throttled. He thought that long-term contracts ought to be made with the power companies and that at the present time, in the Pacific Northwest, public power was getting most of the breaks.

Senator Jackson of Washington, a staunch public-power man, pressed the new Secretary: Isn't it sound policy to have power from government dams sold first to public bodies? "Not necessarily," replied McKay. "It is a sound public policy that all citizens be treated alike. . . . If that preference [clause] is in there, you are un-

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fair to some of the people of the states, because they might want to buy from a publicly owned place and they can't."

There is nothing mystifying about any of this if you understand the jargon. You never attack the preference clause openly; you simply say that everybody ought to get equal treatment and that private utilities ought to be free of handicaps. You agree that the government ought to build the great multi-purpose dams, but you object, as McKay did before the Senate committee, to "the part of the federal government in imposing themselves in authority," because you feel that the people of the state ought to have control over their own resources.

Interpreted in that way, McKay's words made his position clear. No attack in Congress on the preference clause is likely to meet a very strong counter-attack from the new Secretary of the Interior. Similarly, if a Congress pledged to stop "wasteful expenditures" refuses to vote money for government transmission lines—and any appropriations granted in the next two years will have to get the okay of a House committee dominated by tight-fisted Representative Taber of New York—McKay is not the man to make an effective protest.

Long-term contracts for government power executed with private power companies in the absence of a preference clause and also in the absence of government transmission lines would, as Senator Jackson pointed out, "simply dedicate the federal dams to the utilities." And as the retiring Commissioner of Reclamation, Michael Straus, remarked, in practice such contracts would tend to become perpetual. Each one would become an inalienable right, with money invested, territory developed, markets arranged; to try to change or cancel one would be to raise a storm of protest about loss to customers, economic upheaval, and so on. All this is the more disturbing since Congress is definitely to be asked to change the preference clause and a determined fight will be made to keep the government from building any more transmission lines. In the face of these attacks it is hard to imagine a winning fight for public power being put up by a Secretary of the Interior who talks as McKay talked before the Senate committee.

AN EVEN more serious question than that of power was raised by a remark dropped during the McKay hearings by Senator Hugh Butler of Nebraska, chairman of the Interior Committee. McKay had just said that he was "on the side of Louisiana and Texas" in the off-shore-oil wrangle, when Butler interjected: "I would like to say here that when the tidelands question is settled—and I hope it will be rather definitely before too far in this session—there are plans for the introduction of a bill that will make the same theory applicable to public lands now held by the federal government within the state." This was not a complete surprise, since both the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce have been suggesting such a step ever since the election, but it was the first indication that legislation is actually being prepared. It is worth while to take a brief look at what such a step would mean.

No one has accurately estimated the total value of what is left of the public domain—the land, the oil and minerals under the land, the timber, the forage, and all the rest—but the best guesses made by people who are in a good position to know what they are talking about run higher than $30 billion. Some estimates run a good deal higher. Commissioner Straus recalls that not long ago the Bureau of Reclamation retained a man to make a detailed analysis of the worth of the public's possessions. The man threw up the job when his estimates got above $100 billion, saying that after appraisals got that high they became meaningless.

Anyway, this is what remains of our heritage as Americans. It is not exactly a white elephant. Even now the government earns more than $60,000,000 a year from oil and mineral royalties on properties administered by the Bureau of Land Management—only a part of the whole. But the success of the off-shore-oil grab has set a precedent, and here is the next target. Now you can see also what was really behind that often-repeated Republican complaint that the Interior Department under Ickes, Krug, and Chapman became an unconscionable "empire" operated by power-hungry bureaucrats. If the empire can be made to fall, the pickings are going to be very, very lush.

Secretary McKay told the Senators that as yet he had no opinion on the proposal that the public domain ought to be turned over to the states. In response to a number of questions, however, he did give a fair measure of the breadth of his views on the matter. Declaring that he had always been "one of the states'-rights governors," he said, "I don't expect to change my philosophy of government because I go to work for the federal government." He added that "people at the local levels are better able to decide what is better for them than somebody in Washington," and that he personally was not interested in trying to build an empire in the department he now heads. When Senator Daniel of Texas told him that he was delighted to see a good states'-rights man running the Interior Department, McKay replied, "I hope I don't disappoint you."

During the recent political campaign Adlai Stevenson remarked that while he had a high regard for the Republican Presidential nominee he was a good deal disturbed by the one-eyed characters with knives in their teeth who seemed to be swarming over the bulwarks behind him. Well, here they come, after off-shore oil, public power, and the whole public domain. It will take a very stout fight to repel them.



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# The Purges: Villains and Scapegoats

BY MARK GAYN

*Paris*

WHAT is the secret of the current Communist purges? Why does Moscow sacrifice its ablest foreign operatives, who have served it so faithfully for decades? Why is it willing to arouse the doubt and anxiety that purges produce in the satellite states? Why does it launch an anti-Semitic drive that will both alienate millions and supply the West with an effective propaganda weapon?

The Communist movement has developed from its "romantic" or "idealistic" stage to its bureaucratic stage. Moscow no longer requires pure faith from its followers. I could name a dozen ex-Nazis, ex-Fascists, and war criminals who have joined one of the East European parties and are now holding key posts in the "people's democracies." Moscow measures the usefulness of a party member today by his loyalty to the Soviet Union and his effectiveness in boosting production. By this yardstick a war criminal released from prison and given a high post in the Hungarian army may be a good Communist, while Rajk and Slansky, who between them had given nearly seventy years to the cause, were traitors.

As viewed from within the Red world, the purges fall into four categories. In the first are those that seek to remove the inner rot I described last week. A Communist government, of course, is a tremendous dispenser of patronage. Matyas Rakosi has put the number of card-holding workers and peasants placed in key posts in Hungary at more than 100,000. In Poland and Czechoslovakia the figure is twice as large. If countless thousands of officials and managers are eliminated, competent replacements are hard to find. I knew a bank president who could barely sign his name and a worker assigned to keep an eye on textbook writers in the Ministry of Education who had not gone beyond primary school.

But a modern state and economy cannot be run on loyalty alone. Thus incompetent officials must be purged. In Hungary two years ago the party discovered that everybody in a certain industry—workers, foremen, managers—was involved in a wholesale wage fraud. Workers and management falsified their reports to show higher production, and of course claimed bonuses. When the figures were added up, the total exceeded the industry's known output. In addition to fraudulent wage claims, there have been health-insurance frauds and frauds in the delivery of grain to the state. The cheating is universal, and the Communists take advantage of it like everybody else.

The standard cure for this inner rot is the surgery of a purge that goes on around the calendar and hits hundreds of thousands of Communists a year. Probably 90 per cent of all purges are of this type. And yet they do not and cannot cure anything. As long as the worker is underpaid and overworked, as long as government functions are performed by a double-decker bureaucracy (party apparatus superimposed on the state), as long as every party boss wields unlimited power, and as long as there is a premium on denunciation, the inner rot must continue.

THE second type of purge aims at erasing every sign of disloyalty, actual or potential. Since intra-party conspiracy is extremely difficult and rare, purges of this kind are directed largely against nationalism, which Moscow regards as the greatest danger to its primacy. By Communist definition, nationalism takes various forms —doubt of Moscow's good intentions, excessive devotion to one's homeland (as in Tito's horrible example), or even faith in the unbreakable unity of the Jewish people—but it is always a dangerous infection, to be burned out mercilessly.

Nationalist deviations have been very much in the Communist mind in the past six months. In several of the Soviet republics, for instance, the party and the secret police have uncovered plots by native writers to glorify ancient fighters for independence or to depict czarist Russia as an aggressor ("this distorts the fact that Russia has always sided with native peoples in their courageous battle against foreign imperialism"). In the satellite countries any half-heartedness in extolling the Soviet Union or in pushing the Russification of the "people's democracies" is promptly branded as a nationalist deviation. And of course Zionism and its Socialist foe, the Jewish Bund, have always been targets of Soviet fire. As Walter Kolarz notes in his well-documented book "Russia and Her Colonies," published recently in the United States by Praeger, Stalin's first long ideological article, Marxism and the National Question, written back in 1913, was largely an attack on the Jewish Bund. Kolarz recalls that even in 1941, when Stalin was wooing Jewish groups abroad, he did not halt his "special little war" on the Bund but executed

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two of its outstanding leaders, Erlich and Alter. The creation of Israel, by inspiring nationalist feeling among Russia's Jews, immediately provoked a series of anti-Zionist and sometimes even openly anti-Jewish steps, such as the closing of a Jewish publishing house, the newspaper *Aynikeit,* and the Jewish Theater,

Moscow will not tolerate "divided loyalty." A Kazakh who dreams too much of the ancient glory of his people, a Jew inspired by the re-creation of his ancient state, a Traicho Kostov who tries to get the highest price for Bulgarian tobacco—each is a traitor to the "peace camp" and to the "homeland of socialism." The penalties for such treason are severe. If a thieving factory manager gets seven years in prison, a "bourgeois nationalist" is lucky to escape with his life.

Nationalist deviations provide the most spectacular trials in the satellite countries. Moscow is not content with eliminating persons of doubtful loyalty; it must also make the lesson clear to all. "Bourgeois nationalism" must be shown to be a Western conspiracy, and those guilty of it must be presented as professional spies, saboteurs, and sometimes murderers. Since the men thus blackened have often been top-ranking leaders, it is necessary to explain how this deception could have been carried on for decades. So the explanation is produced. "The enemy," declares Bulgaria's Chervenkov, "cannot always be identified by his bad work. On the contrary, the enemy usually tries to work 'well' and to rise to some responsible post. He works with a long-term objective. He disguises himself, drapes himself in loyalty, votes, does not quarrel, and awaits the decisive moment of difficulty to betray and injure us."

There is every sign that a new set of highly publicized dramatic trials in this category will be staged in the next six months. And Zionism is certain to be one of the villains in the coming war on "bourgeois nationalism." The trial of the "Zionist doctors" in Moscow will have all the trappings of a major propaganda effort. Ana Pauker is yet to be tried in Bucharest, and Zionism will surely sit in the dock with her. Zoltan Vas, for sixteen years a prison comrade of Rakosi himself, may be involved in a "Zionist" trial in Hungary. Many reporters in the West suggest that Moscow's anti-Jewish moves are intended to please the Arab world or the ex-Nazis in Germany. These also may be dividends of which Moscow is not unaware.

THE third type of purge meets the Communist Party's need for scapegoats. Since the party is the absolute master of any country in which it is in power, it must logically be blamed for all failures of judgment and performance from food shortages to wholesale frauds. Thus it searches constantly for villains. Wall Street and Tito are the invariable first choice, joined more recently by the Zionists and "right-wing Social Democrats." In Hungary the last-named have been blamed for the restlessness of the underpaid workers and the failure of the vital coal-mining plan.

But villains and scapegoats must not be vague or remote. They are needed right on the scene, in trembling flesh. In Rumania, where food is in tragically short

supply, Foreign Minister Ana Pauker is blamed. In Czechoslovakia, Slansky was held responsible for every economic failure. At a mass-meeting at the Roztoky penicillin plant a microbiologist explained why production had dropped: "One example of Slansky's sabotage here was the building of a boiler house with second-hand material, so that steam capacity would not be sufficient." Almost in the same tone of voice President Gottwald blamed Slansky for the failure of the entire Five-Year Plan. In Hungary, where the scarcities and strains are as great as in any "people's democracy," the responsibility is now being pinned on the Planning Office of the veteran Communist, and Jew, Zoltan Vas.

Trials of this type provide a means not only of dramatizing villainy but of whipping up production. They are always accompanied by an intense campaign "to show the traitors what honest workers can do." It is a proved fact that production soars immediately after each trial, only to dip again when the fear of denunciation and arrest dies down.

The purges which began last summer have still another purpose. Stalin may assure the faithful in his latest theoretical work that the capitalist warmongers are about to start fighting one another. (This is not a new doctrine. General Derevyanko, the Soviet ambassador to Tokyo, told me back in 1946 that the United States and Great Britain were the great rivals in Japan and that the Soviet Union was merely acting as a peacemaker between them.) But Stalin's published views to the contrary, deep concern exists in the Communist world. It is clearly revealed in Moscow's startling discovery, after thirty-six triumphant years, that there is a strain of disloyalty in what *Pravda* customarily calls "the advanced Soviet man" and that purges must be resumed on a large scale. It is seen in the new intensive drive against minority groups afflicted with "bourgeois nationalism." A hint of it is provided by the rumblings in Eastern Europe of a surprising campaign against "pacifism."

As indicated in my first article, the publicized trials are only a part of a great mass purge. And this purge in turn is only a part of a vast plan whose outlines remain vague but which obviously reflects some fundamental—and unpublicized—decisions reached by the



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Politburo in Moscow in August or early September, before the party congress in October. The timing may be important. It is interesting to speculate on whether the Moscow decisions were not affected profoundly by the nomination of General Eisenhower. The Communists in Europe made no secret of their preference for Senator Taft for President, less because they counted on his affection than because they expected him to be cool toward continued American involvement in Europe. The views of Eisenhower and Dulles on intensifying the cold war or extending it to Asia must have been studied in Moscow with considerable concern.

In 1947 Moscow created the Cominform as its answer to what it genuinely considered a threat of hostile Western moves in Eastern Europe. If the new purges mark a milestone in Soviet thinking, then they are merely the first of a series of moves. At the moment there is no indication whether Moscow will next appear with an olive branch or a bayonet. It is, I believe, wrong to underestimate Soviet eagerness for some settlement, as expressed in Stalin's replies to James Reston's questions, and it would be folly to reject this overture offhand—as President Eisenhower most certainly did not. But it would be extremely dangerous to underestimate the range of action, pacific or aggressive, open to the Soviet bloc.

My own guess is that Moscow will vigorously press peace moves, partly because they promise to widen the existing gap between Western Europe and Washington, partly because the Communists believe that American morale is low and the Korean war thoroughly unpopular, and partly because they are convinced that a peace move is far more likely to send the American economy into a tailspin than intensified rearmament. Almost exactly six years ago Mao Tse-tung told me that the great American depression was just around the corner. This conviction persists in Moscow as in Peking. Moscow may want to help the depression along by bold peace moves, but no such action on the world scene will halt the trials and purges. Both are part of the Communist system.

# *Justice in Jersey City*

## BY WILLIAM MURRAY

THERE is no question of honesty in Jersey City politics. Either you are in or you are out, and those who are out are only interested in getting back in, where the gravy is thicker." This was the first thing Robert W. Greene, then a young reporter on the *Jersey Journal,* learned in 1949, when he began investigating the local water-front rackets for his newspaper. He also learned that it is dangerous to be honest in Jersey City. A man could go to jail.

When Greene first came to Jersey City from Massachusetts he was astounded by the corruption which seeped down from City Hall and infected all of Hudson County. He discovered that about half the reporters on the *Journal* and the *Observer,* then published separately, were on the city pay roll in one capacity or another. It was not hard to link the corruption along the water front to the benevolent patronage of the city administration.

For nearly three years Greene hammered away in his column at the mobsters and crooked politicians. In 1949 John V. Kenny had been elected mayor on a reform ticket and the Hague regime finally pried out of City Hall. But the voters soon learned that it was only a case of the outs again replacing the ins. The faces changed but the system did not.

Greene discovered that it was easy to get information about the current rackets from the disgruntled members of the old Hague administration, who were naturally annoyed at having been left out of the stealing. One of the angriest was a thug named Frank ("Biffo") De Lorenzo, described by Greene as "a middle-grade moron whose stupidity was matched only by his greed." De Lorenzo and two cronies, Anthony ("Slim") Lucy and Vincent ("Cockeye") Brown, had been profitably engaged in running Local 1247 of the International Longshoremen's Association and were furious when they found themselves muscled out. Greene had reason to hope that "Biffo" could be persuaded to talk, especially about Mayor Kenny's friendships with big-time racketeers like Charles Yanowski.

In September, 1951, Greene became an investigator for the New York Anti-Crime Commission, a private organization which had been delving into water-front crime since March of that year. Meanwhile Mayor Kenny and his administration were in trouble. The public had been jolted out of its apathy by the increasing violence along the water front. Under Hague things had been quieter and more efficient. During one of the strikes which have afflicted the Jersey water front during the past three years Hague commented to a shipping-company official, "Kenny likes his cabbage. He's trying to get in four years what it took me thirty-two to get." Hague had known how to control the mobs. Under Kenny gangsters were dropping hand grenades into

*WILLIAM MURRAY, known to* Nation *readers for his dispatches from Italy, recently returned to this country.*



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meetings all over town, and the disturbances were seriously inconveniencing the citizenry. Questions began to be asked about Mayor Kenny's past relations with Yanowski, one of the more aggressive gangsters infesting New Jersey. Unfortunately Yanowski himself was unavailable. On July 16, 1948, his corpse had been found on an empty lot in the town of Clifton. The gangster had been stabbed twelve times with a pointed instrument, probably an ice pick.

In the summer of 1951 the Kenny administration appointed a grand jury to investigate the situation. It was headed by Charles F. Davis, who was campaign treasurer for Kenny in 1949 and whose brother Alfred is Hudson County elections commissioner and a district leader in Kenny's political organization. This unprejudiced jury spent eighteen months fiddling while Jersey City burned.

Meanwhile Greene had persuaded the unhappy "Biffo" to talk about Mayor Kenny and Yanowski, but the mobster wanted $5,000 in cash and three $100 suits as payment. Greene explained to him that as an investigator he could not make such an agreement, but "Biffo" knew that some of the other disgruntled hoodlums who had been squeezed out of the new order would be willing to pay in order to get Kenny. At one point "Biffo" held out for $100 a week for the rest of his life and five suits.

While Greene waited impatiently for these macabre negotiations to end, somebody in the Kenny administration apparently got wind of the project. Somehow "Biffo" was persuaded to frame Greene through a tapped telephone conversation as bribing the gangster to testify against the Mayor. On December 5 the Kenny-Davis grand jury indicted Greene for "being an evil-disposed person wickedly devising and intending unjustly to deprive one John V. Kenny of his good name" and also "injure him in the practice of his trade and business." The indictment does not specify just what "trade and business" Mayor Kenny is in. It was the only indictment of any consequence which the grand jury returned; earlier it had indicted three men for stealing coffee beans and the unpopular Mr. "Biffo" De Lorenzo, the chief witness against Greene, for perjury.

A few weeks ago "Biffo" died of a "heart attack." He was embalmed and buried with remarkable speed. A witness claims that he was tucked safely underground two hours after his death. His convenient demise means that Greene will not be able to tell what he knows in court, since the case rested solely on "Biffo's" testimony. And it will enable Mayor Kenny to claim, as he is already doing, that Greene is a tool of the Hague organization. This will undoubtedly be Kenny's line during the election campaign next May. He hopes, too, that it will enable him to discredit all the evidence Greene has supplied the New York State Crime Commission now investigating the water front. Of course if Kenny loses the election there is always Hague. Perhaps in Jersey City no one is clean.

## POINT 4—AFTER FOUR YEARS

# *World Action on a World Task*

BY STRINGFELLOW BARR

THE first three articles of this series have told a story. I believe it is the most important political story that can be told for Americans of our generation. Most Americans have never heard it, even though it is of life-and-death importance that they should hear it.

Paul A. Baran reported on what has happened to "Point Four" and the billions we Americans have spent —almost all of it bilaterally, not through the United Nations—on the assumption that our money was helping our neighbors to help themselves. Peter Weiss told the really melancholy, and I think one should add disgraceful, story of how Washington has systematically blocked all efforts to do this job through the United Nations, while protesting to the American people that the U. N. is the cornerstone of our foreign policy. W. Arthur Lewis, as a member of the U. N. committee set up to study the problems of world-wide misery, quietly presented the committee's reasons for recommending the joint international action which Washington has consistently rejected.

I think the issue can be briefly summarized. The Charter of the United Nations, which our government signed, calls for political and military cooperation in the Security Council and for economic cooperation in the Economic and Social Council. We insisted on the former and have to all intents and purposes refused the latter. We have tried to persuade the other members of the U. N. to give us more than token support in Korea, though in very few cases have we succeeded. On the economic front we are going it alone. And going it alone has inevitably made economic aid take second place to

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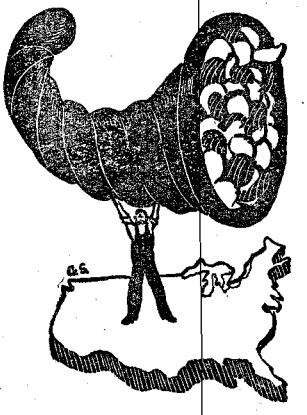
the cold war, to rearmament, and to stockpiling. It has just as inevitably caused us to hope that somehow private investment could rehabilitate the world's vast slum areas. This has opened a chasm between us Americans and the slum dwellers, has made them look like cannon fodder to us, and has made us look like the builders of the newest empire to them. It has made us insist stridently that communism is the world's most urgent problem; and that is a proposition which the hungry, diseased, despised inhabitants who form the bulk of "the free world" will not buy.

Mr. Weiss made it clear where the log jam is, although the average American, a good neighbor and filled with good-will, has never heard of it. It lies in the persistent clamor of the "underdeveloped countries" for an International Development Authority, capable of attacking frontally what our neighbors are convinced is really the world's most urgent problem, a problem which neither private enterprise nor even the United States Treasury can conceivably solve.

THERE is a formidable world revolution in progress, quite independent of communism. It is a revolution against unnecessary misery; and by refusing to join our neighbors in attacking it we are steadily forcing them into the Communists' arms. By refusing to join we are forcing our neighbors to smile at our defense of the free world against the Communist monster and to diagnose us as one great power looking for allies to help it smash another great power. Last year six "friendly" non-Communist governments embarrassingly refused to let us assist them. In Western Europe we scarcely turn our backs to elect a President before our NATO allies begin scaling down rearmament. Going it alone economically looks more and more like going it alone militarily if and when the storm breaks. This is not a picture of a successful foreign policy.

Perhaps our foreign policy is not successful because it does not appeal to foreigners—a very grave criticism of any foreign policy. Maybe, to get one that did we should have to make it with them instead of for them. Maybe "leadership" involves, not laying it on the line, or getting tough, or threatening to cut off people's allowances, but listening—listening to the people one proposes to lead. But if we started listening, it is already certain what we should hear: "Let's get together and jointly attack our common problem, the problem of a sick world economy." That would restate the Point Four problem as primarily a U. N. problem. Instead of issuing orders and then picking up the check, we would pay dues in proportion to our national wealth, which means our dues would be the biggest. Most certainly, having paid our dues, we would have to risk being outvoted. And our recent policy has been to make no large contributions to an agency we do not control. I believe the American people, if they knew the facts, would insist on no such unreasonable and undemocratic policy. I believe they could persuade the Congress to stop insisting on it.

But how? I can conceive of no way except the hard way which we American liberals have now for several years been dodging. The fact is, we just hate homework. We prefer action; and for action—provided you are not too choosy about long-term results—slogans suffice. But the problem this series has dealt with will not, I suspect, be solved by slogans; nor even, I fear, by "putting pressure on Congress." The point is, there are too many things the Congress can do that look like what ought to be done but are not. For instance, I judge that the average American cannot distinguish between sending a team of technicians into a country and finding the capital to do the things the technicians are bound in common professional honesty to advise. Some of them cost a lot of money, and some of them, though happily not all, are not self-liquidating—at least, not from the point of view of a bank, certainly not the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Again, I judge that the average American cannot distinguish between bilateral aid from Washington, or perhaps Washington working "through" the U. N., and an international agency responsible to the U. N. though financed by national contributions. But the underdeveloped countries can make that distinction—and do.



I make these judgments because I have made the experiment personally of discussing the problem with my fellow-citizens from lecture platforms, in articles, in pamphlet form, and most recently in book form. On the one hand, the response has overwhelmed me by its volume and its note of excitement. On the other, I have been alarmed by the frequency with which I met the premature cry: "Let's go!" Would that we could! Unhappily, there is much to be thought through before we go —if we expect to get any place.

In brief, I simply do not believe that what we liberals are short on is energy. I think we are short on ideas. The problem we are discussing is indeed political, but it will not be solved by politics. It will have to be solved by statesmanship—which, it is true, includes political maneuver, when the time is ripe for maneuver. Living in the atomic age, we have been trying to solve our political problems at jet speeds. But the world revolution that has posed our problem will not be solved without a revolution in our thinking. And that revolution has not taken place.

We American liberals have become increasingly con-



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cerned about the steady erosion of civil rights, particularly freedom of speech, by the cold war. But we run the constant risk of demanding freedom of speech in order that we may speak freely—about freedom of speech. We should be speaking freely—come hell, high water, smear, or prison—about mankind's most desperate problem. We should be demanding a solution more relevant to history than either "the American way" or the Russian way. We should be seeking the world way.

We could do it by every device we know—lecture, study group, reading list, article, and book. I know by experience that this is a subject that cannot be censored out. It interests Americans too much. But we could also "learn by doing"—a good old American habit. For example, recently a group of young American men and women of college age organized the International Development Placement Association, to help their contemporaries to find useful work in underdeveloped countries, work in native villages at local wages. They have opened an office in New York; they have started collecting the necessary funds from people with money who see the point; they have screened applicants; they have begun to send out their first workers, to Africa and Asia.

It is clear that with the best of luck this will only dent a massive problem. But as these young people come back home, more and more Americans are going to size up the real problem and relate themselves to it humanly. And there are literally scores of other spontaneous efforts all over the United States to get moving on the problem that Washington has muffed. "Action" of this kind, and not premature lobbying by lonely, heartsick liberals, is what can eventually force Washington out of its phony "realism" and put it in touch with people again. It is constructive action in which the simplest citizen can play a role. It is legal action, but it is popular and does not try to lean on a government in Washington which at the moment is not morally strong enough to be leaned on. Meanwhile, there is no use asking Washington to get the point so long as we liberals don't know the score ourselves.

# The Doomed Valley

BY EDGAR PERRY

*Albuquerque, New Mexico*

IF YOU build a dam in the arid Southwest to store water, it will be considered a laudable enterprise but not particularly newsworthy. Citizens of the region had constructed irrigation systems long before the coming of the Spanish conquistadors. But if the dam is to store mud, that is something else. And the chief purpose of a $63,000,000 reclamation project in progress in the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico is to control the tide of silt inexorably rolling down over this, the oldest agricultural valley in the United States. Considered by itself, the project might still fall short of newsworthiness, since it will affect less than 100,000 acres of farm land and only some 200,000 people, rural and urban. But the thing that is happening here is happening throughout the West, from the foothills of the Rockies to the Pacific and from the Mexican border to Canada. In nearly 40 per cent of the land area of the country the same forces are at work that have already made the Rio Grande a "doomed valley."

This particular project is designed to "save" what is generally spoken of as the middle Rio Grande Valley, a relatively short and very narrow section beginning several miles above Albuquerque, where the river emerges from a lava gorge, and extending to the Elephant Butte Reservoir, a distance of some 140 miles by road. White settlement of the region began when the Spanish explorer Oñate planted a colony at the confluence of the Rio Grande and the Rio Chama in 1598. The land was fertile, irrigation water was abundant, and the climate was warm and healthful. The valley filled with people. After the United States subdued the hostile Indians, new settlers spread out into the foothills and grazed their stock on the abundant range.

Then sometime in the past century it was noticed that a peculiar thing was happening to the farm land along the river. Water started creeping up to the surface from below. Gradually the lower spots became marshes, unfit for cultivation. Adobe houses, which owe their solidity to the dry climate, got their feet wet in the rising water table and melted away. The trouble was that silt was piling up in the river bed, raising it above the level of the surrounding valley. As more and more silt came down the river's tributaries and was stranded in the slower-flowing main stream, the amount of tillable land steadily decreased. By 1924 it had shrunk to 40,000 acres, less than a third of what it had been. At the same time the river took to overflowing in spring, making it necessary to build dykes. In 1920 a great flood broke through the dykes, inundated 35,000 acres of valley land, and stood in the streets of Albuquerque.

The situation became so acute that in 1927 the middle

*EDGAR PERRY served with the National Forest Service for many years and is a frequent contributor to the* Journal of Forestry *and other publications.*



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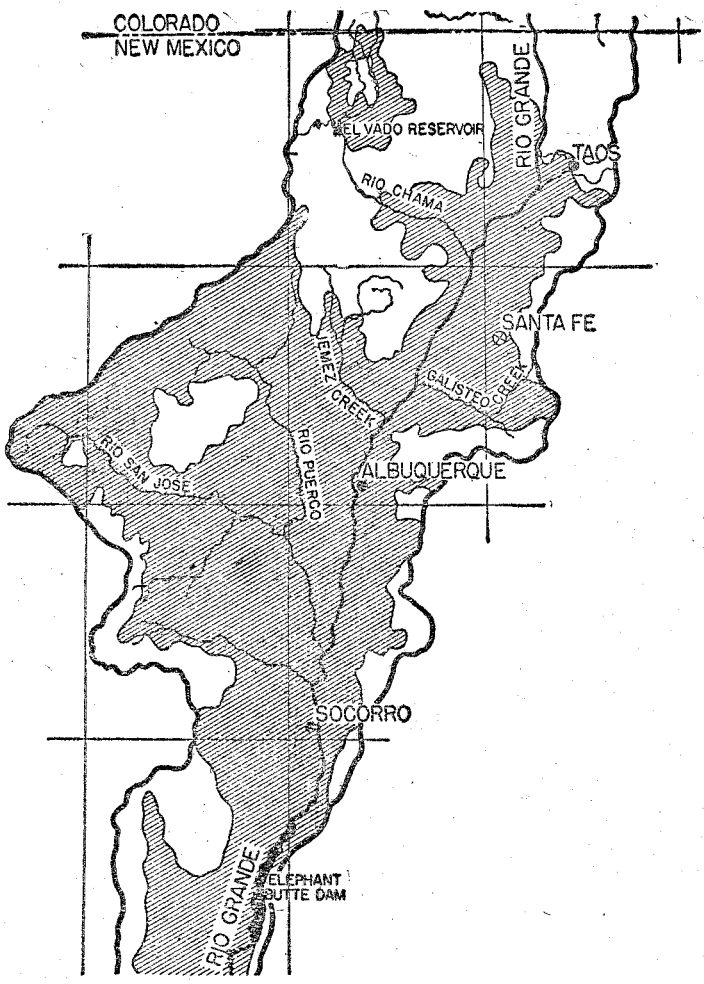


*Middle Section of the Rio Grande Watershed*
Shaded portion shows critical erosion areas

valley's residents were moved to bond themselves to the tune of $10,000,000 to build a system of dykes and drainage ditches. The tillable acreage was restored to 93,000 acres, but the remedy was strictly palliative. It did not touch the source of the trouble.

Where does the mud come from that threatens to ruin this pleasant, fertile valley? And what started the tide? There is no doubt about its origin; it is the soil that long lay undisturbed on the 24,000 square miles of the river's drainage area, and in the opinion of the various conservation agencies at any rate, the cause of the movement is clear. They figure that it can hardly be mere coincidence that the soil began coming down as the watershed was occupied by the white man with his grazing animals, his ax, plow, and torch.

The deep gullies, the familiar arroyos of the Southwest, winding for miles up tributary valleys which within the memory of people still living were grassy swales, are of course largely the result of the overcutting of timber, overgrazing, and fire. The soil conservationists have plenty of evidence to prove that when slopes are covered with vegetation, water from rain and snow sinks into the soil, emerging later in the stream channels in the form of springs. When the hills have been denuded, the water runs off the surface, carrying the soil with it and cutting gullies when it becomes concentrated in the stream channels.

At present the bed of the Rio Grande where the river runs through the city of Albuquerque is several feet higher than the downtown streets and is rising every year. As the bed rises, the dykes become less adequate, and every spring the citizens shiver in apprehension until the flood season is past. At the same time the expensive drainage system installed to carry off the water is being nullified, and the tillable land is again shrinking.

THE accumulation of mud in the middle valley has caused serious damage far beyond that short stretch of the river. In 1915 the great Elephant Butte Dam at the lower end of the middle valley began to store water for use in southern New Mexico, Texas, and old Mexico. It also stored the silt carried down by the river, which was not bad as long as the silt went out into the lake and settled to the bottom. But within a few years a delta began to build up at the head of the lake. In the late summer of 1929 an unseasonal flood broke over the banks at that point and completely obliterated the village of San Marcial. Today the mud lies twenty feet deep where the village once stood, and the surrounding swamp covers sixty square miles. It is overgrown with salt cedar and other worthless vegetation which thirstily drinks up the precious water and transpires it into the atmosphere, where it is lost forever. Other swamp areas have been formed at various points along the river, and it is estimated by the engineers that together they waste 238,000 acre feet of water annually, enough to irrigate 50,000 acres of crop land.

This situation has got the middle valley into very bad odor with people below Elephant Butte Dam, all the way to the Gulf of Mexico. Under a compact between the states using Rio Grande water and a treaty with Mexico the middle valley is allotted a proportion of the river's water sufficient for its needs and must let the rest flow into the reservoir. The loss due to the silt beds is charged against the valley's allotment, and in consequence the valley has run into debt to its neighbors downstream. The debt has now reached such a size that the valley is asked to quit using water entirely until it is reduced, an obviously impossible requirement. The state of Texas has recently filed suit in federal court to have the matter adjudicated. One item of the new reclamation program is to dredge a channel through the delta at the head of the reservoir, called by the engineers the San Marcial plug, and allow the water, together with its burden of silt, to pass on into the lake. The silt will eventually fill up the lake, but it will be out of the way for the time being.

This silting up of reservoirs is a very serious problem. The McMillan Reservoir on the Pecos River, a tributary of the Rio Grande, is for all practical purposes full of



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mud after only thirty-four years of use. To replace it, Alamogordo Reservoir has been built farther up the Pecos, but it too is silting up at a rate that will make it useless in about forty-five years. The silt traps being constructed in the new middle Rio Grande project are expected to fill in about fifty years. Moreover, dams which have been rendered useless cannot always be replaced. Not only is the cost great, but acceptable reservoir sites are scarce, and most of the good ones have already been taken.

In its three-volume report on the nation's water situation published in 1950, the President's Water Resources Policy Commission recommended engineering works to save the Rio Grande Valley for the time being but recognized that only more far-seeing practices by the residents of the watershed would prevent its ultimate ruin. The United States Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Engineers, after making independent surveys, arrived at the same conclusion.

The one thing that limits all economic development in the West is water. Millions of acres of fertile land lie idle because there is no water for irrigation. Cities grow to the limit of their water supply. Lack of water forbids extensive industrial development, though the region has abundant raw materials. So nothing can be allowed to interfere with the most efficient possible use of every drop of water that falls.

"Watershed management" is a term on everyone's tongue, but there is a great diversity of opinion as to what it means. One school of thought insists on complete elimination of livestock grazing, timber cutting, and most other human activities on watersheds; another, called the "tin roof" school, holds that the quicker the water gets down to the reservoirs where it can be watched, the better—never mind about denudation. In between are the moderates, backed by the scientists of the agricultural colleges and the Department of Agriculture, who see timber and grass as crops which if properly managed can be grown and harvested perpetually without damage to the watersheds.

The conservative-use idea is proving a little hard to sell in some quarters—witness the current struggle between the United States Forest Service and the big stockmen. The Forest Service is trying to reduce the number of animals on the forest ranges to what they consider the safe, year-in-year-out carrying capacity of the forage. The stockmen, many of whom feel they have acquired some degree of freehold in the forest ranges through long use, are putting up a stiff resistance, arguing that there is not sufficient evidence that livestock are responsible for the widespread erosion.

The West is waking up to the menace of the mud, however, and the conservation agencies are confident that it will soon go all out for watershed protection. Too much is at stake for it to do otherwise. The Rio Grande Valley offers a perfect example of what happens when corrective measures are too long delayed. It is an expensive example, but it will be worth the cost if it drives home the lesson.

## Proposals for Peace—VI

BY LEON JOUHAUX

THE struggle for peace is the oldest tradition of the working class. Since the formation of the International Workingmen's Association in 1864, the first international, the workers' movement has always placed action for peace among its foremost objectives. As early as 1914, acting on the initiative of the A. F. of L., we began to formulate the social purpose of a just peace. At the international workers' conferences at Leeds, at London, and at Berne was born Part XIII of the Treaty of Peace, the point of departure for the great work of the International Labor Office. In spite of all the dissensions of the working class, so much desired formerly by the Red International and at present by those who take their orders from Russia, the workers are the primary force for peace.

Now, after the Second World War, we find that the voice of the working class and, in general, that of the world's peoples is being less and less heeded by governments. We seem to forget the truth, evident though it may be, that social progress and economic cooperation are the real foundations of peace. Let us establish prosperity effectively in the non-Soviet world, let us apply and broaden the great principles of individual liberty, and we shall soon see that communism will lose its attraction for the masses and that the prospect for peace will improve.

Likewise will disappear that mood of resignation which seeks a solution in neutralism and in the passivity of the mere onlooker, a mood that spells inaction in the presence of danger and—suicide.

But we must act quickly, for the situation is constantly growing more serious. That is why we have created "La Democratie Combattante," a world-wide movement for peace, social progress, and the rights of man. Our aim is to give confidence to the masses and to re-create popular enthusiasm for the U. N.

Ours is a vast movement which will be able to opposed effectively the mendacious demagogy of the Communist "Partisans of Peace" and give to millions of citizens a rallying point. In the last analysis it is not so much a new program that we need as a "will to action" and an organization to bring together the scattered people of good-will. The battle cannot be won unless the various peoples of the world work together; peace can be preserved only by the peoples.

[*Léon Jouhaux, French trade-union leader, is president of the Force Ouvrière and vice-chairman of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.*]



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# POEMS . . . BY CHARLES G. BELL

## Songs for a New America

1. We rise by the water; all things begin in the sea,
The formless mother, but of such melting beauty,
She draws at the land's heart forever. We
Are climbing in air; look, the bay and city
Wheel beneath us. That girl holding the lamp,
Timid in style, is a foreign freedom.
But here and higher we have put our stamp
All over the rock island of Manhattan.
Here is our Liberty, a daring thing
Of abstract line without face or feature,
Catching the dawn at the tip of the banking wing,
This beauty no man planned, clean beyond nature,
A crystal of explosive energy—
And this is our land, tall over the shifting sea.

2. We are crossing the Susquehanna. Right about here,
In a farmhouse by the woods I know a man
Who lives as his fathers did. As far as he can
He keeps away from the city. He dips the clear
Water from his own spring. There is virgin timber—
Oaks and enormous hemlocks—in his ravine;
And he has planted all his hills with pine.
He gathers maple sap in the snows of winter,
Makes beautiful furniture, and carves and weaves,
And fashions with wrought iron at his forge.
He is a Quaker, as honest as his streams.
He has no radio, and when new roads
Appear in the forest, and drab frames
Spread from the city, he returns to his hearth and grieves.

3. For myself, I think we have gone past
Nature—as past the ridges and cut-over woods
Of the dwarfed Alleghenies, where the roads
Are winding as they climb, and the mired rivers
Bend down to the plain through hills they sever.
Out in the central valleys in an hour,
We have run through a hundred years and more
Of the opening of the West. Here by the Lakes
The midland cities stand, and one that takes
Our breath with boldness as we bank and lower—
Brute and butcher, yet you of the wind's towers,
Chicago, is this curse of earth and air
And water, this rearward ugliness the cost
Of every embodied dream and act of power?

4. Over miles of tenements we are settling wings
Through the gray air. I do not even descend.
Against the danger of the forward vision
Familiar voices call and roads beckon.
And what love draws us on? Quiet in the plane
I close my eyes until we resume the lane
Where flight commences. Wait. And again we feel
That great acceleration like a hand
Pressing us into our seats. The gaunt earth reels,
With a last bound drops behind, and we are things
Of the air. Brief separation. Yet we must dream
It could protract itself, be in our command
So easily to break from the old stem
And leave this shadowed limb of the sad land.

5. The diminishing city vaguely splotched with sun
Withdraws under the mist; we roar head on
Into a luminous bank of cloud, a thin
Shell of brightness. Then we break out above
Over the clear expanse rippled with tints
Of rose and blue and the melting purple, as in
A rainbow, colors in light, and fresh and new.
Over this blindingness the map as we move
Marks where the centers lie, the dynamic engines,
Hearts that are traffic in the noontime canyons.
Here, imperceptibly heaving in the winds,
With the quiet breathing of a peaceful thing,
Under its mottled cover—all one great pearl
Of rounding beauty—sleeps the terrible world.

6. Past the Mississippi the clouds are breaking,
Making way. The first rifts are like shadows
Of such deep blue you think them darker cloud.
Then in the glimpses golden lands are shaping,
Stubble and corn, the patterned fields of yellow,
Along the winding streams by the fall-flecked woods,
Tender through the last mist and dissolving scud:—
This earth again. Welcome stranger. It was good
Almost being parted from you. You are one
We have loved too deeply, too much counted on,
Lovers so young, each has betrayed the other.
Now the clouds are gone. Incredibly wide you discover
Your goods beneath us. And always love will burn
Through the sweetness of parting, this sweet return.

7. The great brown Missouri and the shallow Platte—
Following the last, a dry stream in a prairie,
We go up over fields of harvested wheat.
Brown fingers of rock erosion are reaching back
Into the ruled tables. Frightening the very
Expanse and marginal slipping into waste.
A damned-up lake is a blue promise in the vast.
These men live under the weathering rocks
Where the flat mudstone tilts and breaks



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To the old outcrop of the Laramie peaks.
They are always gambling on the cold and heat,
Cycles of the sun and rain, and all their hope,
Under the giant sky, is rooted between
The dust and dust, in a little moment of green.

8. Over the broken teeth of the Wasatch range
We reach the dead center—that sudden dropping away
To the salt basin of an exhausted sea
Shimmering in the heat. This mineral plain
Is not of our spoilage. Nature left it drained
Before we entered. Now the whole cycle has changed.
From that irriguous ground and granite temple
A new leader rallies his wavering people:
"We are men singled out by destiny
To a high calling. What an age is ours.
It is the coming of our fathers' dream,
This hope and trial of which the weak complain."
Here caught in the rush of mind the desert flowers.
We build as we destroy, consummately.

9. Much of this country is more of the moon than earth.
For the pioneers it was days and weeks, trekking
The salt-flats, range on range of heart-breaking
Desert. Strange they went on. But they made a path
Upward, there where the last rocky spur
Juts to the high Sierra—pine and fir
And the orange clumps of aspen as they verge
On the bluest round of a lake, its water stirred
By mountain winds, the cold Tahoe. Then the shelving
Valleys plunging in the sky's flame down
To the Sacramento. The naked hills are scored
As with rivers of fire; they shine like burnished bronze.
Here in the valley where the wild light is poured,
In goblets of wheat and vine we drink the god sun.

10. The fog comes rolling in from the long Pacific;
The redwoods tower in the mist where we go down;
Their needles drip into the columned gloom;
The white-skinned eucalyptus are swaying and weeping.
Over the warm hills and bay the fog dissolving
Lets rainbow light play through. Long sunset rays
Touch the mirrored shores glimpsed through the haze
Golden as dream, a melting hieroglyphic
Of all our temporal lands. So cloud and rain
Close the curtain, as banking we descend—
Cycles of rise and fall—where crashing waves,
As slow as heavy, gather weight and pound
The splintered granite of the coast range:—O land,
O cities; and down to the salt sea again.

## The Problem of Hope

*THE ZONE OF INDIFFERENCE.* By Robert Strausz-Hupé. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

PERHAPS I did not pay attention, but it seems to me that Robert Strausz-Hupé's "The Zone of Indifference," published last October, received shockingly little notice. It is one of the wisest and best-informed discussions of the issue between Europe and America that I have encountered.

Mr. Strausz-Hupé is profoundly influenced by Spengler. In fact, he is a good example of that moderately rare person for whom Spengler means not parallel charts of decay but an insight into what makes a culture coherent. Fully aware of how much Spengler's scholarship has been discredited, Mr. Strausz-Hupé insists that the critics have thrown out the baby with the bath—the baby being the concept of culture. From this historical perspective he focuses on the present contrast, and tension, between America (which has survived by grace) and Europe (a generation ago the center of world power, now the debated ground) with a rich comprehension of both their characters, of their distinct and yet common heritage.

If Western European culture is to endure, it must remain whole; it can remain whole only so long as the dialogue between the two segments continues. If the time ever comes when they can no longer speak to each other, or when America reduces Europe to silence and obsequiousness, the culture is ended. For Americans to keep up their part requires, much more than arms and tanks, a realization of what has happened to Europe, what Mr. Strausz-Hupé calls "the alienation of the Social Mind"—the slackening of cooperative drives, the disillusionment of the masses with "traditional society," the basically *moral* failure of a culture which, though it had the immense resources of the Greek, Roman, and Judaic tradition behind it, lost itself in the sands of bureaucracy (he is especially pungent—and terrifying—on the subject of bureaucracy).

But then comes, as he sees it, the appalling fact that the America which now sustains the tottering structure is itself being transformed into a bureaucracy. Just as this country has triumphantly demonstrated the feasibility of a great middle class and effectively refuted every premise of Marxist theory, it too elects to follow the curve of European rigidity, and settles into a hierarchy of military and political gradations. At a moment when America might, indeed, have provided a regenerating vision of the future, it offers only a dismal reminder of Europe's past.

As for solutions, there are, he argues, two alternatives. America may take over Europe, administer it, and finally reduce it to provinces, as Rome did Greece. The horror is that this is a perfectly feasible program. The other possibility is "the reintegration of the Western community," which would require a subordination of political and military strategy to moral considerations, call for a reconciliation of the peoples of Europe to the traditional society, and impose upon America a live-and-let-live philosophy. Otherwise, if America supposes that Europe will take up arms and fight to the death in defense of a hollow concept of "Western culture," America is launched upon a disastrous adventure.

In many quarters of this country European "neutralism" is regarded as a self-evident sin against the Holy Ghost. Every report, especially of recent months, shows that it is not thus to be conjured away. From the evidence of this book no one can accuse Mr. Strausz-Hupé of underestimating the danger to Western culture of a Russian onslaught, but there is a more pressing



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danger—that America will not comprehend how the political and social ideologies Europeans profess are still meaningful only "within the context of the issue of neutralism." The author no doubt has his crotchets, but the fascination of the book is to watch this enlightened Spenglerian struggle with the problem of hope. "The destiny of man and of peoples," he moralizes, "is death"; yet he concludes in resolute optimism that as long as the Western schism is not swept into an absolute rift, the West is not released from the burden of responsibility.

The American reader will comprehend, after reading this book, his own exasperation with the inferiority complex of modern Europe; I know no better work to bring home to him his responsibility for growing into a maturity sufficient for the control and even the sublimation of that legitimate emotion. PERRY MILLER

## A Great Spaniard

*UNAMUNO.* By Arturo Barea. Yale University Press. $2.50.

TWO Spanish philosophers in contemporary life have interested and baffled foreign observers. One is José Ortega y Gasset, now dividing his time between Madrid and Lisbon. The other is Miguel de Unamuno, who died at the end of 1936 and who still attracts both controversy and acclaim.

This is not the place to embark on a comparison of the merits or the influence wielded by the two men. Only when Ortega is gone and the body of his work stands completed, can a scholar and critic sit down to that fascinating task. Toward that end Arturo Barea has in his interesting study provided a partial and preliminary study of the older of the two. It will not satisfy *aficionados* of the grand old man, but its author is quite aware that this is only a first attempt to cut away underbrush and set clearly and sympathetically the more obvious foundation posts for a critical biography.

Unamuno, born in Bilbao in 1873, was a philosopher, a teacher, a novelist, a poet, an essayist, a critic of political regimes. He was all of these at once, and no one of these terms is adequate to describe the impact he made on his country and his time. So passionately


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had he lived, so determined was his onslaught on factors in Spanish life which seemed to him destructive, that by the time he was fifty he loomed as one of the elder giants.

It is only in the light of his background and his accomplishment that his curious and tragic role in the Spanish war can be understood. Barea tells the outlines of the story. Unamuno, who had regarded with horror certain practical aspects of the republic for which he had hoped so much, was rector of Salamanca University when the war broke. He declared himself in favor of the military rebellion which made headquarters there, "not because he shared the ideas of the fascists but because he hoped that the movement would save Spain from the mass rule which was his nightmare, and revive 'the living tradition'." Three months later, his eyes opened by the war's course, he rose to speak against the generals. He was relieved of his post at once and died at the end of the year.

The legend, which Barea does not tell, is that a friend coming to offer New Year greetings found him lying in his chair, feet stretched to the fire, and one shoe slowly charring. His last months were spent under house guard, but shortly before his death he was allowed to see a Dutch journalist. Some people suspect that his presence became too embarrassing to Franco to be tolerated, but though rumors of poison persist they have not to the knowledge of this reviewer been substantiated. He was an old, frail veteran of many battles. It seems much more fitting that he should have left life by the sheer force of his will as a final, victorious protest against the intolerable conditions which had mounted around him.

BAREA stresses Unamuno's life-long struggle against man's unique enemy, the extinction that comes with death. This is the core of his philosophic inquiry, the live coal that gave all his work its force. In that struggle he doubled on his tracks like a fox under hot pursuit. Writing, speaking, thinking, his fight was for the power of the individual in a world which threatened with growing force to crush the individual. To Barea's mind "he achieved what he wanted to achieve; there is no thinking Spaniard who has not, wittingly or unwittingly, felt the influence of Unamuno's goading, stimulating, irritating, and humbling thought. A thinker who teaches how to turn conflict, contradiction, and despair into a source of strength has something to give to men of this age." Now that he is gone, those contradictions which were so difficult to understand from the outside fall into their proper perspective.

But Barea errs in this—it was not the "how" that Unamuno taught but the "what." His way of turning "conflict, contradiction, and despair into a source of strength" might not be another's way. It is the fact that he did it which is all-important. Consider his Spain, the paucity of his formal education, the material difficulties against which he had to struggle, the power of his mind and of the prejudices that tried to chain it—then measure his achievement against those. In a day and a country like ours, in which material aids are easy while the exercise of moral courage is doubly hard, that achievement becomes both an inspiration and a challenge. We would do well to heed it.

MILDRED ADAMS

## An Indispensable Source

*THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.* Volume VI: 21 May, 1781, to 1 March, 1784. Edited by Julian P. Boyd; Mina R. Bryan and Elizabeth L. Hutter, Associate Editors. Princeton University Press. $10.

THE common reader is not likely to be attracted by an expensive and voluminous edition of Jefferson's writings and related documents edited for the use of scholars and "so comprehensive in scope and so accurate in presentation that the work will never need to be done again." "The Papers of Thomas Jefferson" will be a formidable work, and so is any one volume of it. It is not to be recommended for casual reading.

Yet I hope that every reader of this notice will try the "Papers" for himself. The reward will be rich for anyone who brings to the business a slight amount of background knowledge, a little imagination, and a sense of what to skip. Jefferson is in these volumes as he is nowhere else, and it is necessary to keep in touch with him, for it is still true as it was in Lincoln's time that "the principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of a free society."

As statesman and writer he is our great protagonist of political, religious, and intellectual freedom, and those three freedoms are so interrelated that we would do well to consider them, as he did, inseparable. We shall not have any one of them for long unless we have the others. And it is in the nature of things that the fight for freedom never ends, for freedom can be kept only by exercising it and extending it. Jefferson's intuitive understanding of the nature of freedom has never been surpassed, and he was extraordinarily sensitive to every form of attack on it, however covert it might be. He is still our ally in the unending campaign, and that is why every least detail of his thought and activity is significant.

There are other reasons also for studying the "Papers." They are one of the chief sources for our knowledge of the Revolutionary period of our history, and Jefferson himself, if one could consider him apart from his great, never-forgotten idea, would still be one of the most interesting personalities that America has produced.

Volume VI of the "Papers" begins with the last fortnight of Jefferson's governorship of Virginia and closes before he had finished his second period of service in the Continental Congress. If it thus lacks a proper Aristotelian beginning and end, it makes up for the deficiency by an abundance of rich middle. For the historian the value of this volume lies in the fact that it will enable him to see certain events more clearly, in greater detail, than before.

THE UNPROFESSIONAL reader will find much else to enjoy. The turbulent life of the time animates these pages, although it is seldom reported directly. Events are usually seen by reflection. As a minor example: On June 4, 1781, Tarleton's force raided Charlottesville and Monticello in an attempt to capture what was left of the legislature and Jefferson himself, who had retired the day before from the office of governor. Warned in time, Jefferson sent his family and guests to safety and, trusting to his knowledge of the terrain, did not leave Monticello until the raiding party was in sight. Here is how Jefferson reports the incident: "The alarm which



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took place on the day succeeding my exit from office prevented my depositing with you the public papers in my hands. I now transmit them by express. The labels on them were true formerly; but in preparing for flight I shoved in papers where I could." That's all, for Jefferson ignored every opportunity to dramatize himself.

Although he is seldom off-stage for more than a page or two, his supporting company is numerous and diverting. This volume includes letters from eighty-three of his individual correspondents, eminent or obscure. The editors promise to provide us eventually with a Biographical Register; it will not be the least interesting volume of the whole work. The bigwigs—Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Greene, Steuben, Benjamin Rush, the two James Madisons, and many another—are self-explaining, or largely so; but there is a fascinating batch of little-knowns and unknowns whose personalities break through their writing with engaging clarity. But who are they? How one would like to know whence they came, where they went, and how Jefferson happened to meet them!

There is, to take one, the Chevalier D'Anmours, a charming man, whose letter introducing Colonel Ternant is a model of what such things should be. One would like to catch more than this single glimpse of him, and one hopes that his was a kindlier fate than awaited so many Frenchmen of his class. Then there is a letter from the sprightly Francis Hopkinson, in which content and form are so at one that the editors had to reproduce it in collotype, mere print being inadequate. And there are various Virginians, discoverers of strange bones, owners of albino Negroes, explorers of Western rivers, experts in Indian speech and lore. They are not practiced hands when it comes to letter-writing, but they manage to get themselves across, and they are happy to give Mr. Jefferson, still adding to his "Notes on Virginia," any information he may desire. A goodly company: the 25,000 letters addressed to Jefferson are one of the grand features of the "Papers."

As for Jefferson himself, we see him in the depths of humiliation over the abortive "inquiry" into his administration, writing the famous "Notes," embodying his recent experiences in a new model constitution for Virginia, nursing his wife through her last illness, wrestling in solitude with an overwhelming grief, returning to public life for a second period of service in the Continental Congress, where—a few months after the end of this volume—he brought to a conclusion a decade of brilliant statesmanship.

GEORGE GENZMER

## Vision Versus Facts

*MAKE THE U. N. EFFECTIVE—FOR PEACE.* By John Bauer. Richard R. Smith. $2.50.

DR. BAUER'S intentions are good, and it is a pity that he has not devoted his considerable talents to a study of practical steps by which the United Nations can be made more effective. Essentially his proposal is a stripped-down version of World Federalism; he would have a new-model United Nations give guaranties against interference with any nation's internal or international affairs, but national armaments would be prohibited and the U. N. itself would have its own armed forces at its command to carry out its pledges against aggression.

To point out that this is not a practical program is the height of understatement. Can anyone seriously propose, now or in the foreseeable future, that the United States should eliminate its own armed forces and rely exclusively upon the guaranties of the U. N.? Can anyone believe that the Soviet Union would consider such a program for itself? Dr. Bauer's proposals are as impracticable as those of the World Federalists, but at least they see that it is useless to talk about a super-world organization unless it has power to restrain the national rivalries that have caused wars in the past and will continue to do so unless the U. N. can be made strong enough to enforce the peace and simultaneously to remove the underlying causes of war. Nor should it be forgotten that the U. N. Charter envisaged the creation of an international force similar to that advocated by Dr. Bauer, but much more in accordance with the possible. The East-West split has prevented its realization, and Dr. Bauer's proposal has no chance of being adopted.

THOMAS J. HAMILTON

## Dostoevsky as Myth-Maker

*FREEDOM AND THE TRAGIC LIFE.* A study in Dostoevsky. By Vyacheslav Ivanov. Translated by S. Konovalov. Noonday Press. $3.50.

BECAUSE it is a study of a mystic by an author who is a mystic, this book on Dostoevsky is both more and less than criticism. Vyacheslav Ivanov, who died in 1949, was a poet and scholar of great originality and profound erudition. Basically a classical student specializing in the mystic religions of ancient Greece, he became a poet of considerable importance, taking a leading part in the literary life of St. Petersburg between 1905 and 1912. Although he was fascinated by the study of cultural achievements, which he felt should be regarded as a single sweeping development, he thought that ultimate religious experience was a spiritual absolute which transcended artistic and intellectual activities.

Ivanov discusses Dostoevsky against the background of his own rather special interests. He sees a number of links between the Russian author and a remote Greek past; the novels are essentially tragic, in the dramatic sense, and aim at a catharsis, a device of emotional release derived by Greek tragedians from old religious rituals. The dominant force in Greek tragedy is a mysterious fate; in a Dostoevsky novel this role is played by an equally mysterious process of


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spiritual choice which goes on within his characters.

Ivanov sees further relationships between Dostoevsky's religious beliefs and the mythical lore of ancient Greece. His mystical altruism, his doctrines of the universality of guilt and surrender to God are regarded as developments of primitive occult beliefs. The personalities and events of his novels, though realistically presented, are, according to Dostoevsky's own statement, intended to convey a sense of higher, transcendental reality. Thus, the novels assume the nature of myths, and Ivanov explains in detail the mythological background and significance of "The Possessed" and "Crime and Punishment."

The result of this mingling of myth, theology, and criticism is both puzzling and arresting. A reader searching for clarity is likely to be defeated by the arcane systems of two private religions, Ivanov's and Dostoevsky's, one superimposed upon the other. Many of the relationships Ivanov has detected are very general and therefore unconvincing. And some parts of the book, especially a long discussion of demonology, have little reference to Dostoevsky and appear to be digressions. In spite of these shortcomings, Ivanov's study has the great merits of learning, originality, and passionate conviction, and is probably best regarded as an independent work rather than a critique. JACOB KORG

# Books in Brief

*THE OCEAN RIVER. THE STORY OF THE GULF STREAM.* By Henry Chapin and F. G. Walton Smith. Scribner's. $3.50. The beer carried below decks by Sebastian Cabot went bad when his ship reached a certain unexpectedly warm area in the Atlantic ocean. This, say the authors of the present volume, is the first written evidence concerning the Gulf Stream, whose flow is about a thousand times that of the Mississippi and without which much of Northern Europe would be a sub-Arctic waste. Despite their title and first chapter their book is not exclusively about the Stream but includes a sort of popular introduction to the relatively new science called oceanography. Since that science includes portions of various others in so far as they apply to the sea, one gets quite a bit of geology, biology, and so forth, some of which is familiar to readers of other popular-science books. Nevertheless, it is seen from a somewhat unfamiliar angle, and we are apparently in safe hands. F. G. Walton Smith is in charge of research sponsored by the navy, and Henry Chapin is the author of various books dealing with the byways of American history.

*HANNAH MORE.* By M. G. Jones. Cambridge University Press. $5.50. Even in her own day sophisticated people were likely to sneer at Hannah More, the bright young thing who gave up a successful career as novelist and playwright to found Sunday schools and compose the innumerable tracts which set the tone of pious subliterature for a hundred years. Our day finds it even harder to forgive her acceptance of the Great Scheme of Subordination and her conviction that the poor should be taught only enough to save their souls. One of the virtues of this sober, fair, and interestingly written account of Hannah More's life and works is its successful attempt to see her opinions and activities in the setting which makes them comprehensible. Even churchmen today are likely to justify religion in terms of its social benefits; in Hannah More's epoch many besides herself took it equally for granted that social services were justified because they brought religion to the poor.

*THESE YOUR CHILDREN.* Edited by Harold U. Ribalow. Beechhurst Press. $4.50. An anthology of twenty-five stories on Jewish subjects by American Jewish writers ranging from Ben Hecht and Albert Halper through Nelson Algren and Arthur Miller to Hortense Calisher and Abraham Rothberg. On the minus side is Mr. Ribalow's Holmesian ability to ferret out "Jewish subjects" and "Jewish characters" without the necessary complementary ability to assess qualitatively the results of his detective work. His editorial notes are also something less than perceptive: Nelson Algren "is now winning recognition from less perceptive critics than Ernest Hemingway"; James Yaffe "has been writing long, humorous, and perceptive stories"; Hortense Calisher had "a perceptive interview with Harvey Breit of the New York *Times*"; Budd Schulberg is the "author of many best-selling, perceptive novels"; Arthur Miller "wrote a perceptive volume called 'Situation Normal'." On the plus side is the fact that Mr. Ribalow has after all taken the trouble to go to the literary quarterlies and the little magazines and has come up with some good stories, as well as some early stories by now-established writers whose literary interests no longer seem to be confined to "Jewish subjects."

*THE LAZY ONES.* By Albert Cossery. Translated by William Goyen. New Directions. $2.75. Cossery has caught the age-old lethargy of the *effendi* world in this grotesque of Egyptian life. "The Lazy Ones" is the story of a family dedicated to the pursuit of sleep as some are dedicated to self-advancement in business, and when one of their number, Rafik, realizes that he has "grasped the elemental truth hidden at the bottom of life—the way of the least effort [is the true way]," he is filled with "pride and gratitude." The family situation is comic in the grand vein, and Cossery writes of it with the purposeful seriousness best calculated to heighten this effect. The drugged weariness he creates envelops the whole as a silkworm wraps itself in its own substance. This almost glutinous atmosphere is easier to sustain in even a long short story, however, than in a novel, where its rarefied, exhausting quality is hard on the reader. The masterpiece of this type is, of course, "Oblomov," and just as that compact though no less lethargic excursion into compulsive sleep told us something of the fast-disappearing Russian world of provincial gentility, so Cossery is, by exaggeration, giving us insight into one of the basic handicaps the Egyptian middle class faces in trying to achieve effective direction of its own life.

*BULLFIGHTER FROM BROOKLYN.* By Sidney Franklin. Illustrated. Prentice-Hall. $3.75. He walked out of his father's home in Brooklyn and into bullfighting as if there had been some instinctual, atavistic craving to return to a popular manifestation of a culture which was, in fact, no part of him. This is what the Spaniards who were for him never accepted: somehow he *must* have



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been born in one of a half-dozen cities of Spain or carry a healthy overdose of Spanish blood in his veins. How else explain the paradox? Franklin's autobiography never really explains it either, except that he gives us an understanding of his physical need for adventure, his great admiration for skill and proficiency, his healthy respect for money. The book is well and simply written, with colorful anecdotes along the way and three or four splendid accounts of entire kills, including a play-by-play view of many of the finer points of bullfighting. To spice the whole, there is the credible and—to Franklin's *Männlichkeit*—creditable tale of the week he was highjacked by an aboriginal tribe in Mexico so that they might obtain a coveted infusion of red-haired white-skinned blood. (He admits that he slept some fifty hours after this glorious work-out.) And inevitably there is the story of his relationship with Hemingway, which he tells with enthusiastic loyalty. How does such a maverick stand up, though, in the field he has chosen to invade? Hemingway himself gave the answer to this in the passage on Franklin in "Death in the Afternoon": "He is a better, more scientific, more intelligent, and more finished matador than all but about six of the full matadors in Spain today, and the bullfighters know it and have the utmost respect for him."

*YEAR IN, YEAR OUT.* By A. A. Milne. Dutton. $3.50. A pleasant grab-bag of odds and ends, all short and all humorous but otherwise as various in subject and manner as possible. Some are merely agreeable specimens of what the professional funny man turns out in the routine practice of his trade; others embody serious convictions lightly expressed. Mr. Milne belongs to a generation not too enthusiastic about post-war changes in the atmosphere of British life and frequently says so without losing his temper. He thinks the young writer has much less chance of making a living than in his own youth and is not too sure about subsidies as a solution. "I can imagine nothing more desiccating to a young writer than the knowledge that he owes three hundred pounds' worth of inspiration to people he despises. . . . A Poet Laureate, with only a butt of sac to account for, is sufficiently embarrassed."

*POEMS.* By Miguel de Unamuno. Translated by Eleanor L. Turnbull. Johns Hopkins. $3.50. Readers who want their Unamuno library complete will be interested in these translations, which have the Spanish originals on facing pages. Miss Turnbull does her usual competent and conscientious job with the translations; she does not share the judgment that the most enduring part of Unamuno's literary work will be his poetry, and on the evidence here, there is something to be said for her point of view.

*ENGLISH POETRY: MAIN CURRENTS FROM CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT.* By Douglas Bush. Oxford. $2.50. Professor Bush, in his introductory note, contends that this book is not designed as "an aid for those whose minds are anxiously divided between poetry and examinations." Intended, rather, as a guide for the general reader, it discusses, in six chapters, six large divisions, with major emphasis given the major poets of the Middle Ages, The Renaissance, The Age of Reason and Sensibility, Romanticism, The Victorian Age, and The Modern Period. By English poetry, apparently, Professor Bush means poetry written by Englishmen; Americans, except Pound and Eliot, do not count, Frost, Sandburg, Lindsay, Stevens, Jeffers, for instance, not being found in the index. There is little nonsense in this short text, and little reason to believe the general reader will buy it in any larger quantity than professors will order it for survey courses.

## "The Crucible"

PERHAPS the proper way to judge Arthur Miller's play, "The Crucible" (Martin Beck), would be to see it out of context—out of the pertinent, and thus painful, and thus perhaps distorting, setting of today. While watching it, I tried to do this, and now, writing about it after a lapse of days, I shall try again. But I shall not succeed except partially, and in my mind. In literal fact, I cannot shed the sense of having experienced simultaneously the anguish and heroism of Salem's witch hunt and of today's. And since this is so I am driven to believe that the emotions of both tragic periods charged the lines with a power they would have missed had Mr. Miller visited the Salem Courthouse in a more tranquil time.

But if "The Crucible" is a drama of 1953, as well as of 1692, it does not follow that it is a simple parable. On the contrary, it is self-contained rather than contained by time or place. It is the terrible and tragic situation that provides the real setting; while the action develops a completely believable conflict between a handful of ordinary citizens and the epidemic madness which spreads from children—half-malicious, half-obsessed—to the top dignitaries of bench and church.

The situation is convincing to the last irrational detail. The conflict emerges in subtly differentiated forms and shadings. Mr. Miller is not afraid to point out how short a distance can separate spiteful lying from honest, screaming hysterics or stark courage at the foot of the gallows from the normal impulse to pay irrational authority the tribute of a lie in order to live.

Beginning slowly, with a prologue somewhat diffuse and confusing, the play gathers momentum and power with each act. The final scene, just before the hanging, is immensely moving, sum-


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marizing the theme of the play with an eloquence that carries the audience (carried this member of it, anyway) out of the theater in a mood of resolve rather than despair.

Walter Hampden is impressive as the Deputy Governor who cloaks with his personality and high office the horrid farce acted out in courtroom and jail. The role of Abigail Williams, a young servant who under pressure slides from psychotic spasms of false incrimination to spells of truth-telling and repentance, is handled by Madeleine Sherwood with effective excitement. Arthur Kennedy and Beatrice Straight give the parts of John and Elizabeth Proctor the strength, reserve, and sober resolution demanded of the witch hunt's leading victims.

Peter Ustinov's satire-farce-fantasy, "The Love of Four Colonels" (Sam S. Shubert Theater), is likely to amuse almost anybody who does not delve for meanings or try to piece the thing together into a coherent play. Beginning as a witty if rather obvious take-off on the political attitudes and behavior of four Allied colonels—American, French, British, Russian—thrown together in an office in post-war Germany, the scene and mood presently shift. In a nearby castle, under the supervision of a good and a bad fairy, each colonel is given a chance to woo the Sleeping Beauty back to the world and love. Mr. Ustinov makes good fun out of the national approach of his officers to this fascinating game of forfeits. Each in turn acts a tiny charade of courtship, parodying the manner of his country's traditional drama. Is there psychological satire also lurking in these contrasting performances? Perhaps, but better not bother about it. Concentrate rather on the loveliness of Lilli Palmer, the Beauty, on Rex Harrison's arrogant charm, and on Mr. Ustinov's flow of wit and nonsense. FREDA KIRCHWEY

"The Fifth Season" (Cort Theater), by Sylvia Regan, is a pleasant farce in the spirit of Potash and Perlmutter. Without much originality in situation or dialogue, it holds its audience and creates a lingering nostalgia for earlier and simpler days. Menasha Skulnik, making his debut on Broadway after twenty years of starring on Second Avenue, plays with simplicity, assurance, and humor. L. S.

# Records

B. H. HAGGIN

RCA VICTOR continues to make available again in its Treasury of Immortal Performances series of LP records items not deserving of immortality, such as the Menuhin-Landowska and Menuhin-Enesco performances of Bach's Sonata in E and Concerto in D minor, but also things like the Casals performances of Bach's Suites Nos. 2 and 3, of which I will say again what I said when they were first issued: "The life which these works have . . . is the life created by the coloring, the movement, the tensions of Casals's phrasing. . . . This is something you would almost not believe you had heard in a performance, after it was over; but you can put the needle back at the beginning of the Sarabande of No. 2 and find that it did happen; and there it is on the record for all time." Which now—thanks to Victor—is true again.

And if Victor hasn't yet got around to reissuing the Kreisler-Rachmaninov performances of Beethoven and Schubert sonatas, the Elisabeth Schumann performances of Mozart arias and Schubert songs, the earlier performances of Frieda Hempel, it has on the other hand placed the public enormously in its debt by making available to it for the first time the Schnabel performances of Beethoven sonatas in Volumes 1 and 2 of the Beethoven Sonata Society, which HMV issued in 1935 only in small limited editions. The two LPs not only make it possible for many people to hear again those unique performances of Opus 111 and Opus 109, and for many more to hear them for the first time; they also make it possible to study in the performances the distinctive way of dealing with the music that so extraordinarily enlarged its meaning.

Toscanini once spoke of the difficulty of playing Mozart as one of knowing what to do between the mere *p* here and *f* eight bars later; but actually there is the same difficulty with Beethoven whose directions are much more numerous and closer together: there still remains what must be done between and around them. This is something one appreciates when one plays first the Solomon performance of Opus 111 that was issued last year and his performances of Opp. 109, 53 ("Waldstein"), and 54 on a new Victor LP, and then the Schnabel performances of the first two on the new LPs and the one of Opus 53 on the old HMV 78s. The difference—most striking in the slow movements—is between Solomon's mere obedience to every *p* and *f* in the score, and what Schnabel does in addition: the expansion, the distention in time, the intensification by dynamic force, which place the sounds in significant, powerful relations in sharply-contoured successions with cohesive tensions that are built up to the salient points and then released. And this produces the further difference that the slow movement of Opus 53, for example, as Schnabel plays it has a spaciously, profoundly meditative and powerfully dramatic expressive effect that it doesn't have in Solomon's performance.

That meditative character of Schnabel's playing led some people to characterize it as a product of intellect without emotion; whereas actually, though the involvement of a powerful intellect is evident, so is the operation of powerful emotion. It was excess of emotion, not of intellect, that produced the flaws in the performances—the occasional distention of phrase to the point of distortion, the occasional tempo too fast for clarity, the occasional fortissimo beyond the limit of agreeable sound; though it was mere limitations of technique that produced the inaccuracy and confusion that is to be heard in the difficult passagework in the first movement of Opus 111. If one can't endure these flaws one can have smoothly rounded perfection from Solomon; if one *can* endure them one gets in addition what Solomon doesn't offer: the dramatic power that Schnabel imparts to the first movement of Opus 111, the sustained continuity and intensity of the progression from the spaciously reflective opening of the second movement to the superearthly illumination of the end, the similar sustained continuity in the conclusion of Opus 109—the crescendo of intensity in the extraordinary final variation to the trills that subside into the affecting restatement of the theme.

On the record with Opus 111 are Schnabel's equally outstanding performances of the fine Sonatas Opp. 78 and 90; on the one with Opus 109 beautiful performances of the less interesting Opp. 27 No. 1 and 14 No. 1. In Opp.



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109 and 111 one hears the surface noise of the copies from which they were dubbed.

Schubert is another composer whom Schnabel loved and played with wonderful effect—with lyricism, grace, and on occasion the hair-raising power that Schubert was capable of. An HMV LP offers the performances of the Impromptus Opp. 90 and 142, most of which are among Schubert's finest pieces. On my review copy two of the finest, Opus 90 Nos. 1 and 3, are spoiled by noisy scrapes.

An excellent performance of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 57 ("Appassionata") by Victor Schioler is on an HMV LP, absurdly coupled with Liszt's Piano Concerto in E flat.

## *Art*

*S. LANE FAISON, JR.*

MORE than twenty water colors and oils by John Marin at the Downtown Gallery, all painted in 1952, give rise inevitably to certain questions. Are Marin's oils and his water colors of equal significance? Is he among the few octogenarians in the history of art whose very late work ranks with his best at any previous period? Shall we follow custom in hailing him as dean of something or other but pass over his current work in respectful silence?

Far from being silent, I propose herewith that Marin's recent water colors are among the finest he has done, but that the oils are among the emptiest. In water color Marin has combined a small-scale, tightly packed calligraphy with a deep Renaissance space (Autumn Coloring No. 2) and has managed to achieve an impact at once expansive and terse, not unlike early Mantegna, for example. In Written Sea, an oil, the calligraphy is crabbed, hesitant, too widely spaced. I can only think of these oils as weak sketches for the water colors, which of course they were not. In an adjoining room several water colors of the thirties show a relatively passive attitude. None projects the scudding power of Westerly Gale or the silent relentlessness of Approaching Fog. These new works have the bite of crusty very late Donatellos and Michelangelos, their modest dimensions and


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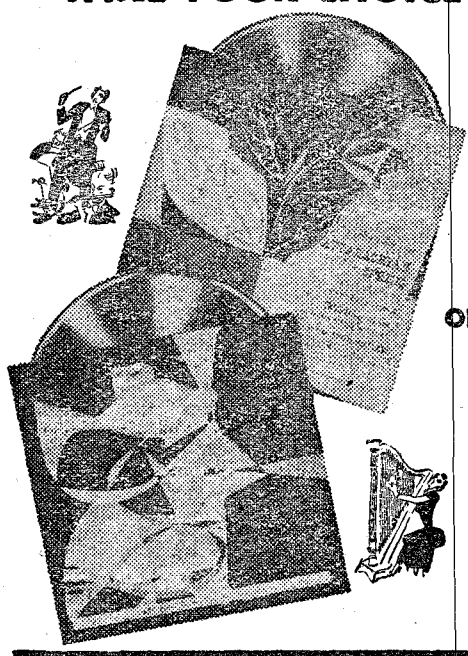

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sharply limited theme notwithstanding. They show that Marin is by no means willing merely to reminisce from the eminence of some theoretical deanship. He is one of the most masculine of our male artists—a statement meant to connote no more than it says, because Botticelli and Giorgione are high on my list of creative spirits, and because the rest of this column will be devoted to women painters of both feminine and masculine expressiveness.

Loren MacIver and I. Rice Pereira, who share the hospitality of the Whitney Museum through March 1, could hardly differ from each other more profoundly than they do. The former is all tenuous, indirect suggestion; the latter, blaring affirmation. Loren MacIver, it seems to me, is the finest of our women artists now in the public eye. I offer no theory, such as that painting by women should be feminine, on which to argue this opinion. She is a minor artist whose extraordinary subtlety occasionally touches on greatness. To call her minor is intended as no insult whatever, since I consider Simone Martini, Watteau, and Paul Klee minor artists, and Klee the greatest and most minor of them all. Minor and major, like their musical analogies, are a matter of tonality; their differences are qualitative. In the visual arts I associate them as well with basic intention, and suggest that the major artist is one who attempts the sublime, as Masaccio did, while the minor artist, reticent and intensely personal, avoids it like the plague.

Loren MacIver's imagination is released by fragments of urban experience: ashcans, votive lights, sidewalks, a battered window curtain, oil slicks, and the iridescence of rain more felt than seen from the interior of a taxi. Her art lies rather close to its subject matter: the object metamorphosed into poetry. There is considerable pictorial invention, but it runs the risk of losing some of its force once the excitement of sharing an unexpected poetic discovery has worn off. I am constantly surprised that the large pictures stand up so well, as everything about Loren MacIver's art suggests the diminutive, and fragility, as Watteau understood so well, is accommodated by the small scale. Despite this theory, which I found myself dangerously far embarked upon, I have to report that the big panoramas of Paris at dawn (Metropolitan Museum) and Venice by day (Whitney Museum) challenge the several smaller items very successfully, though I still hold out for a modestly scaled Venetian night piece in gouache, in which the ghostly silhouette of the Doges' Palace predominates. The exhibition covers twenty years' work in fifty-nine paintings. The development is gradual and cumulative, a fair test, I think, of the artist with staying power; and the end is implicit in the beginning.

I must confess that I am bothered by sudden breaks in the work of Pereira, one coming exactly in 1937 when she shifted from what I shall call illustrations of machinery, the other occurring about a year ago when fourteen years of variation of the rectangle were superseded by a totally curvilinear design. Sixty works are presented, and even from these I can find nothing like a logical momentum of change, such as can easily be followed in Picasso's shift from one idiom to another. While such remarks may be objectionable as criticism, I have always felt the career itself is worth evaluating as a kind of super work of art. Pereira's individual works strike me as much too similar to stand up in a large retrospective. Furthermore, I do not warm up to the mystical explanations, in terms of light, offered in John Baur's sensitively written introduction. The artist's sincerity is not the question—or in question; the question is, as always, what gets projected in visual terms. For me it is mostly slick design, elaborate industrial-age decoration. I would like to acclaim it as major art, like Leger's of the '20's, since it assuredly is not minor, but I am unable to do so.

In these days of conflict of interest in the political scene, I have one of my own: an exhibition in a small college museum which I direct, but an exhibition that seems worthy of more than local mention. Rassie Gifford has exhibited in group shows in New York, but Williams College has been displaying her first one-man show. Because of the conflict of interest mentioned above, I will make this only an announcement of what seems to me to be painting with an unusual combination of force and gentleness. If, as I suspect, she will be heard from in the metropolitan centers, I shall find an occasion to say I told you so.

CORRECTION. In my review of "Great Paintings from the National Gallery of Art" by Huntington Cairns and John Walker (*The Nation*, December 20, 1952) I criticized the use of an "old" color plate of El Greco's Laocoön in its pre-cleaned state, and compared it adversely with a plate in a recent and expensive publication on El Greco showing the "present radiant condition" of this picture. A very recent visit to the National Gallery obliges me to report that the radiant condition exists only in the color plate, the picture itself being as dark as when I last saw it. As the National Gallery has been doing wonderful work in getting its pictures cleaned, it did not occur to me that the "cleaning" of the Laocoön had been done only by some color printers in New York. Publishers should, of course, be enjoined from perpetrating such falsehoods. But there is a happy prospect. Something like the radiant condition indicated by the false color plate probably does exist under the dirty varnish that now covers the surface of the Laocoön. May the National Gallery soon bring it back to view!

## CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES G. BELL, on the faculty of the College of the University of Chicago, is at work on a book entitled "Spirit Takes Form, an Organic Study of the Western Arts."

PERRY MILLER is professor of English at Harvard University.

MILDRED ADAMS has long been a student of Spanish and Hispano-American culture.

GEORGE GENZMER is working on a critical biography of Thomas Jefferson.

THOMAS J. HAMILTON is the United Nations correspondent of the New York *Times*.

JACOB KORG is a member of the English Department of the City College of New York.

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# Letters to the Editors

## "Your Honorable Tradition"

*Dear Sirs:* Your forthright denunciation of the current anti-Semitic campaign in the U. S. S. R. and its satellites is encouraging and in keeping with your honorable tradition of condemning violations of human rights wherever they occur. The actions of Russia and its allies reveal the unexampled cynicism and opportunism with which Russia pursues its goals of power, heedless of those democratic principles to which it has so long and deceptively paid lip service. JAMES W. HAMMETT, JR.

New Providence, N. J.

## Another Thermopolae

*Dear Sirs:* Owen Lattimore is to be tried for perjury in March. It is almost superfluous to point out the importance of this trial to civil liberties in America, and impossible to exaggerate the far-reaching effect the decision will have upon the future of all of us. A conviction will give judicial sanction to the excesses of McCarthy and the perjuries of Budenz. A conviction will enormously extend the power of these men, since it will show them that even the courts condone their methods.

To those of your readers who like myself have felt helpless to stem the surge of events, frustrated by the inability to contribute to a definite course of action, I extend an invitation to contribute to the Lattimore Defense Fund, care of George Boas, Baldwin, Maryland. It is imperative that the defense be well planned and spirited. For our threatened civil liberties, this battle is Thermopolae.

Berkeley, Cal. FRANK C. GOODRICH

## Miss Marshall Comments

*Dear Sirs*: It took a good deal of nerve for the editors of *The Nation* to make the statement, in the issue of January 31, that politics had nothing to do with my elimination. And as I read it, that old phrase, "courageous liberals," took on a new dimension. But I was even more interested in Statement No. 2—that *The Nation* hopes to prove Statement No. 1 from week to week. You may think that I am hoping to see you fail in this endeavor. On the contrary, I would be the last to be disappointed if the editors' attempt to prove that the elimination of my job and the transfer of the book department to the jurisdiction of the editors-in-power had nothing to do with politics—combined with the Soviet Union's plunge into anti-Semitism which the most beguiled "progressive" cannot explain away—should put *The Nation* back on the track of genuine liberalism. Better late than never.

New York MARGARET MARSHALL

## How the Immigration Service Treats Political Refugees

*Dear Sirs:* Hysteria among government officials has been breaking all bounds for the last few years. It is not all due to McCarthy. Many employees fear being charged with "bad morals," or knowing someone who has been charged with being immoral. Civil Service has fired one young lady here in Texas for having worn shorts. Her conduct on the job was above reproach.

Of all the government bureaus, however, the Immigration Service presents the most serious problems. In most of the cases involving aliens the constitutional rights of the defendants are totally ignored. A case in point is what recently happened to Pasquale Sciortino, who fled from Italy in 1948 because of his connection with the Movimento Indipendente Siciliano, an anti-Communist organization which is campaigning for the independence of Sicily.

When Sciortino was picked up by immigration authorities recently, lurid and inflammatory statements were issued by the head of the Immigration Service branding the young Italian as a "bandit." At first immigration officials asked that bail be set at $5,000, although bail for such cases usually runs from $500 to $1,000; later they demanded that Sciortino be held without bail.

The maner in which the Immigration Service issued statements concerning Sciortino's "guilt" smacks of Soviet "justice." A plea of habeas corpus failed. After Sciortino managed to get his story to the press he was kept in solitary confinement. Like so many other aliens, he has been slammed into jail and prevented from exercising constitutional rights to free himself. For him there is no jury, no judge, no justice. (Incidentally, under the McCarran law a native-born American could be placed in jail and kept there indefinitely while "administrative procedures" were used to hamstring his release.)

Sciortino is anything but a criminal as the Immigration Service charges. Because he advocated the independence of Sicily and the reestablishment of the "Kingdom of the Two Sicilies" in an area in which the "Giuliano gang" operates, he is called a gangster by immigration officials and denied his rights as an alien.

Unless Sciortino is allowed to plead his case in a court of justice soon, he will be deported within a few weeks. He is sure to be killed or imprisoned for life by the Italian government.

San Antonio MAURY MAVERICK

## A Pertinent Article

*Dear Sirs:* I have just finished reading Scientists in a Mad World, in your issue of January 24, and I'm all excited over the scholarly treatment of our national disease. When I frankly express my thoughts on loyalty tests, stand-pat friends warn me: "You had better keep those 'dangerous' thoughts under cover."

Perhaps I feel so keenly about what the ignorance of the McCarthys and McCarrans is doing to my beloved country because of my personal experience. For about ten years I conducted—in fact, originally organized—a forum to which I invited every week an authority on the questions of the day as they affected the welfare of our country. My telephone during the forum's last year was tapped, and an F. B. I. investigator came to see me. I had the courage to show him my monthly calendars, with the names of the speakers and the subjects upon which they lectured. The F. B. I. man was too astonished for words, expecting to find a frightened woman who would cringe, deny, and plead innocent. That was some five years ago. Had this happened more recently, I wonder if I would have got off so easily. EVA ROBIN

New York

## A Modern Day Trojan Horse

*Dears Sirs:* McCarthyism has sometimes been compared to the methods used by the Bolsheviks in 1917. But this seems a rather superficial comparison. Wrong as Lenin and Trotsky may have been in their tactics, they did at least have a



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positive program and the decency to regard their tactics as bad and a temporary expedient. Unfortunately after a few years the evils of Bolshevism swallowed up its promise and Stalinism took over. But however badly Bolshevism has ended, it did not start out as McCarthyism has started out—far from it.

The parallel between today's witch-hunters and Nazism is closer. In both cases "hysteria" seems to have sparked the movement. But the best and, I admit, the most frightening comparison and description can be seen in Orwell's "1984." Oceania's "doublethink" and "crimethink" are McCarthyism at its worst. Here are distortions being used as tools to gain power by playing on people's half-articulate fears. . . . McCarthys say they are fighting communism, but they have never defined what the Communist threat in the United States is, and lately they have said they were even after "Communist thinkers"—whatever they may be. And when they defeat "it," what do these men plan to put in "its" place?

McCarthyism is not a political party or movement, nor is it just a reaction against the Communist threat. It is a ruthless tactic for seizing power. It can only be defeated by a rigid enforcement of civil liberties. . . . We also need very badly a strong and progressive political alignment—such an alignment would make possible a successful crusade against McCarthyism. If we really believe in democratic methods we shall have to do something of this sort sooner or later. Who knows how much longer this virus can be allowed to spread without dire results? Most Americans are awake to the danger of Soviet aggression. Far fewer seem awake to the threat of these hysterical Trojan horses in our midst.

ANN HUBBELL

Ypsilanti, Mich.

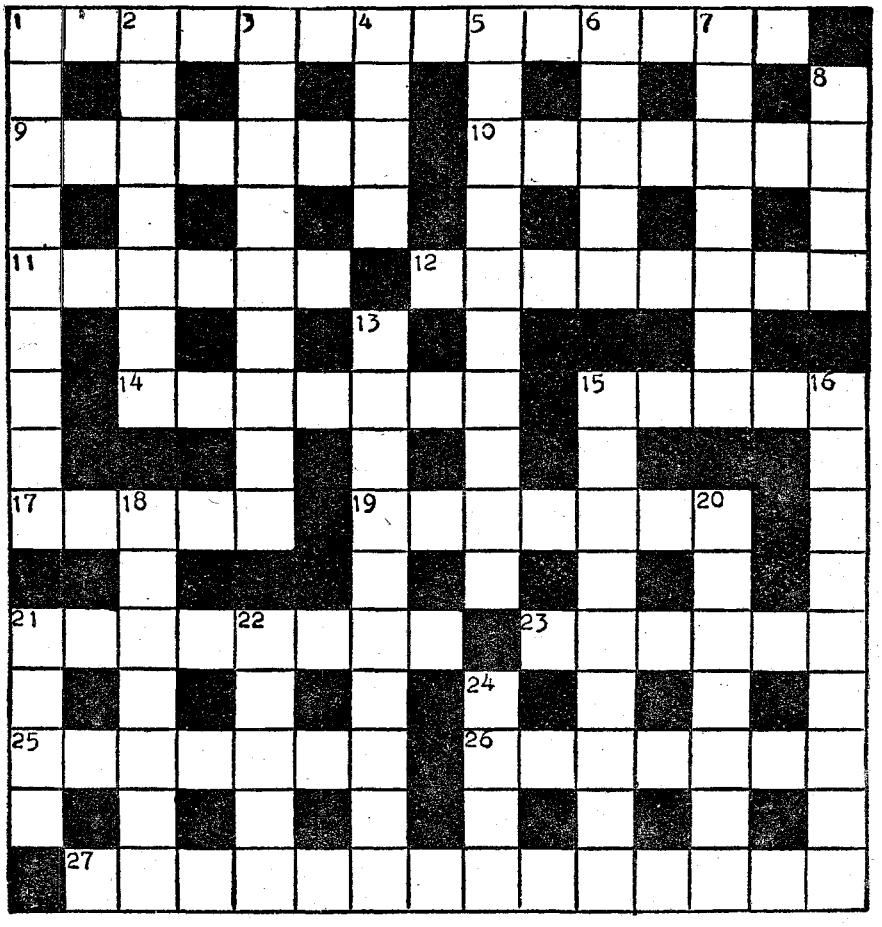
## Postscript to the Judd Case

*Dear Sirs:* To fill out the story of the Judd case [see *The Nation* of November 29, 1952] your readers may be interested in the following facts:

In the fall of 1951, after he had heard that his contract would be terminated at the end of the academic year, Mr. Judd as a member of the University of Colorado Local 562, Colorado Federation of Teachers, brought the matter to the attention of our state organization. Our Professional Standards Committee and state Executive Council investigated the circumstances surrounding the termination of Mr. Judd's contract and reported to the American Federation of

# Crossword Puzzle No. 502

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



### ACROSS

1 The result of getting worn-out suits —but not night-gowns. (7, 7)
9 I have contracted to finish a vehicle, implying the presence of a railing. (7)
10 Wet with more than water, frequently! (7)
11 It certainly doesn't imply feminine skills are necessary to make a suit. (6)
12 She frets as a result of floods, perhaps. (8)
14 It's an evil connected with the bill, honest. (7)
15 Dove into them, no doubt. (5)
17 Can't see bird shot from here! (5)
19 The ball carrier seems to have gotten into a messy mess, but loves it. (7)
21 The thing (associated with death) with which Longfellow's gladiator stood face to face. (8)
23 The way to fix things, as a hypochondriac might say. (6)
25 No French check can be made out like this without rest. (7)
26 Pimpernel was. (7)
27 Like Corvus Muscidae—straight. (2, 3, 4, 5)

### DOWN

1 This should throw some light on the subject. (5, 4)
2 Counts a bit of change for those who only carry large bills. (7)
3 Life did, as Lowell evidently saw it. (9)
4 A lovely spot for the end of 3 to go bad! (4)
5 Certainly doesn't sound like high estate for the rest of the passengers. (5, 5)
6 and 21 down Tracks some holders into unexpected dives perhaps. (9)
7 An *entrechat* is extremely fitting here—ask for it. (7)
8 See 13.
13 and 8 You're more likely to get shot from a distance with it. (10, 4)
15 A sort of frump-face, but still sweet enough to eat. (9)
16 A charming lady, at any rate!
18 Hangs over horn and hoof, as far as the devil goes! (7)
20 His wail is heard in Africa. (7)
21 See 6 down.
22 Opener of the bill at Chautauqua. (5)
24 Negative vote? (4)

**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 501**

ACROSS:—1 PLAY-BY-PLAY; 6 ESPY; 10 and 23 DRIVE TO DRINK; 11 DISHRAG; 12 BUCKLERS; 13 OTTER; 15 PETIT; 17 IMPEACHES; 19 EXPRESSED; 21 TOWEL; 24 DUCKBILL; 27 CLEANER; 28 LEANING; 29 SASH; 30 ASTRONOMER.

DOWN:—2 ALIQUOT; 3 BREAK; 4 PHONETICS; 5 ANDES; 7 and 1 Down SCRATCH PADS; 8 YGGDRASILL; 9 ASSONANT; 14 APPENDICES; 16 TREKKING; 18 PEDICULAR; 20 PRIMERS; 22 WILLIAM; 24 DARNS; 25 BRAIN; 26 AGAR.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.



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Teachers' Committee on the Defense of Teachers' Rights that his dismissal involved a violation of academic freedom. To aid Mr. Judd in his fight the A. F. of T. allotted a legal-defense subsidy which was supplemented by our state organization's legal-defense fund.

In conformity with the decision of the university local our organization took the matter before the University of Colorado's faculty senate, although we felt from the start that this would be a fruitless way of trying the case, since the senate was an appendage of the university itself. We had offered legal service to Mr. Judd if he wished to go before the Board of Regents, but he didn't avail himself of it until the senate had sustained a report by its Committee on Privileges and Tenure upholding the university's stand. Subsequently the Regents rejected by a five-to-one vote a motion to allow Mr. Judd to appear before it with legal counsel. As a result of this decision Mr. Judd got neither a public nor a private hearing of his case by the university itself.

Since Mr. Judd wanted to continue the case, our lawyer investigated the possibility of getting a hearing in a federal court on the ground that his civil liberties had been placed in jeopardy by the university's action. On the basis of a decision by Judge Learned Hand of the United States Court of Appeals, the way was left open to bring Mr. Judd's case before the federal court in Colorado. After a debate in our own executive committee it was agreed that our organization should continue to aid Mr. Judd. At this point, however, he refused our help, though we had been trying for nine months to get his case heard. He had the right, certainly, to reject our assistance, but by dropping the case he not only hurt himself but, we believe, has weakened the whole fight to preserve academic freedom.

Our organization took considerable risk in supporting a case of this nature at a time when the defense of liberal traditions in this country is not too popular. We feel that in the final analysis we had more at stake than Mr. Judd as an individual. Our regret is that he did not see fit to carry his fight forward through the courts rather than through the organizations set up by the university, which, as elsewhere in this country, are not safeguarding academic freedom.

MORRIS TAYLOR, President,
HERRICK S. ROTH, Executive Secretary,
Colorado Federation of Teachers

Denver

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Wilson's Air Secretary and "Flying Coffins", See Page 2

# I. F. Stone's Weekly

Vol. I NUMBER 3 January 31, 1953 7 WASHINGTON, D. C. 15 CENTS

## What They Confirmed With Wilson

**It would take a Balzac to do justice** to the hearings on the nomination of Charles E. Wilson to be Secretary of Defense. The Business Man and the Politician confronted each other, each ready to turn a forgiving eye on the derelictions of his own kind. Senators who had just voted to seat a McCarthy were in no position to be righteous about Wilson's reluctance to dispose of his stock in General Motors. Wilson was taken aback. Had the Republicans not won the election? "I would like to tell you men," he told the Senators at one point, "there is a change in the country. The people are not afraid of businessmen like me right now."

The full transcript of the executive session... Wilson spoke not with arrogance but... said he could not conceive of... new position "because for... our country was good for... He was proud of his record... pany, as he had a right to be... was giving him credit for leav... am now risking a failure, in my... a challenge. Now, as far as I am... is finished. I closed up my desk... mingled feelings of regret and nos... being treated with suspicion!

The retirement bonus provided tha... being paid only if the recipient did nothing ... GM's interest. Wilson had this specially chang... (a fact which did not appear until the transcripts were released) to read that nothing he did in government service would be considered inimical to GM "so that no one would feel like I had any club over me." When Senator Russell still questioned the bonus arrangement at the second hearing, it was more than Wilson could bear. "I know what you are talking about," he said, "but I really feel you are giving me quite a pushing around.

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an honorable one; no one questions his integrity. But how can you staff a government with business men who have no conception of the conditions necessary for public service!

**In the clash between the two points of view,** subtler and larger consi... ations were neglected. The conflict of interest the l... to avoid required more than the divesting of st... Morse, Lehman and Smith tried to make one day of debate by the Senate; a man f his past, his point of view, his ac... Wilson himself volunteered at one ...earing, "We had exactly the same ... We had a very strict rule that any ... buyers, none of them should have ...hat they bought from." Was it ...est company dealing with the ... executive to head Defense? ... area which went completely ...ith past experience in arms pro... ...obilization. Wilson's GM and Wil... ...mobilization for World War II resisted ... automotive facilities to war production, insisted ...siness as usual" for months after Pearl Harbor.

The man Wilson picked to be Secretary of the Army, Robert T. Stevens, a textile manufacturer doing a $125,000,000 business with the Army, was a Colonel buying textiles in the Quartermaster Corps in the last war. When the resignation from the War Production Board of Robert R. Guthrie, in the spring of 1942, focussed attention on the lag in conversion to war, textiles was one of the horrid examples. Wool and jute were being wasted while the army was short of cotton duck. Facilities which could have produced the vital cloth were standing idle. Stevens at one point was prevailed on to force the grant of cotton duck contracts to idle carpet mills, but beyond this the business men in uniform would not go. The record should have been gone into and questions asked.

**Above all questions should have been asked of Talbott,** Wilson's choice to be Secretary of Air. The post is the most important one of all in many ways. The story disclosed on page two makes Talbott seem a shocking choice for it. Aviation is the one major American industry today which must live or die on war scares. Peace, real peace, would leave it withering on the vine. The air lobby today is what the armorplate and naval lobbies were before World Wars I and II. The Secretary for Air should be free in every way of industry ties; this one is reluctant to divest himself even of the obvious ones. Wilson's choice of Talbott reflects no credit on Wilson. What the Senate confirmed with Wilson was its readiness to acquiesce in handing over war production completely to big business. Experience with these same men and companies in World War I... II show that this is unwise from the standpoint of ... and hazardous for the prospects of peace.

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